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"LIBERTY, H[illegible]LINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

[From the New England Farmer.]

THE EDUCATION OF FARMERS.

Mr Editor—It has often been a matter of surprise to me, that in this age of improvement and progress, the education of our agricultural community should be so entirely neglected; the more so when we consider how large and important a body our farmers constitute, forming, we believe, about four-sevenths of our whole population in this State, and producing nearly seven-tenths of all the exports of the Union. For the professions, from twenty to twenty-four years of constant study from youth to manhood, are considered requisite to prepare a young man to enter even upon the threshold of either; and for the trades, either mechanical or mercantile, the first fourteen years of life are spent in an elementary education, while the subsequent seven are devoted to acquiring the rudiments of the pursuit selected. The farmer, on the contrary, conceives that, after his sons can hold a whip or pull a weed, one-quarter of the year is quite sufficient to devote to the developement of their minds, while the other three-quarters are consumed in the most drudging minutiæ of agriculture. And this at a period of life when impressions are most easily and lastingly made, and when, if they imbibe any notions at all of the culture of the soil, it must be those of their fathers; and if these are tainted with ignorance or prejudice, the rising generation must be cursed with the same obstacles that were stumbling blocks to the preceding.

We often hear it said that *practical experience* will correct erroneous opinions formed in youth, and supply the want of agricultural information, which has not yet been acquired. And is this a fitting preparation of a young man for any pursuit, much more for one that requires the immediate and constant application of fixed and correct principles? Is it wise, is it just to the young farmer himself, first to expose him to the inculcation of the errors of an unimproved system of agriculture, and then throw them with a half-formed mind, upon his own energies to suffer the consequences of his mistakes and correct them if he can? Do we find that this practical experience remedies the deficiencies of early education, and makes our farmers what they might and should be? Is not the adherence of our farming population, (and we appeal to their sober judgment when we put the question,) to old and erroneous practices in culture, almost proverbial? Judging from our own observation, limited to be sure as it has been, their love of the systems of their fathers right or wrong has given birth to a prejudice against, and a hostility to the improvements of the day that it seems almost impossible to overcome. This is the constant cry of those engaged in the regeneration of our agriculture. They cannot persuade the farmer to adopt modes of culture that every principle of science and all experience warrant, because, forsooth, preceding generations have followed different ones.

The reason why our agriculture is so far in the rear of all other pursuits, seems to be of a two-fold nature; first, because our farmers are but half educated when young; and, moreover, because they will not be induced by the ten thousand motives held out to them to eradicate mistaken opinions and prejudices engendered in youth, and which are at constant war with their best interests. They will not educate themselves. Scientific principles are ridiculed by them under the name of *book farming*, and the many substantial improvements and useful discoveries offered to them by the public-spirited, are sneered at as being theoretical and visionary. As a body, and I appeal to your own extensive observation, sir, for corroboration of the statement which I make without the slightest disrespect to the farming interest, our agriculturists know but little of the fundamental principles that govern the culture of the soil, and their information and skill are limited to the manual and more general operations of farming. And is this as it should be? Can the husbandman hope to reap the heaviest and most profitable crops while ignorant of vegetable physiology—the organization and habits of plants? Can he expect to obtain the most perfect animals, while he disregards the laws of breeding, and the comparative value and properties of different races? He will be successful just in proportion as he renders science and discoveries, which are the result of skilful observation, subservient to his pursuits; for just in that proportion does he compel nature to aid and complete his operations.

We most exceedingly regret that there should exist this settled antipathy among farmers to instruction, that is conveyed to them through the pages of a book, or the columns of a paper. They are among the most ready and powerful means for the improvement of agriculture, containing the practical results of the study and experience of some of the most distinguished and learned of the present and bygone times. The principles they inculcate and the discoveries they reveal are based upon the incontrovertible laws of science, and require but careful attention united with enterprise and skill to be rendered available. And when these aids to the improvement of the soil and the mind are urged upon the farmer, we are met with the reply of *book farming, theory, speculation*. He sees the mechanic, the manufacturer, the professional man, deriving the most substantial assistance from books and papers relating to their pursuits, and yet those relating to his own are surrounded with phantoms of expensive experiments and futile theories. There is neither reason or wisdom in such a course. He is not required to try every new animal, vegetable or implement, or to enter hap-hazard into any or every system of culture that shall be brought forward; but to adopt only such as are warranted by well tried experiment, and are adapted to his means and situation. He is to distinguish between experiments and scientific farming; the former of which come within the province of the fickle-minded and curious, and serve to gratify a love of novelty, or a desire to obtain solid good from repeated trials; while the latter is the culture of the soil on those principles of natural science which are in constant daily operation about us, and the skilful application of which makes the successful farmer.

It is to a knowledge of these principles that we would direct the attention of our farmers. This constitutes an extensive branch of the education we would urge upon them, and we honestly believe they never will be pre-eminently successful until they have acquired it. They are called upon by every motive of public and private interest, and if such an argument will be entitled to any weight among them, by a due regard to the dignity and character of their profession, to throw off the absurd prejudice they entertain against the suggestions of scientific and observing men—against changing their systems of culture. In order that there may be a general and thorough-going improvement in our husbandry, our husbandmen of the present day must commence educating themselves with reference to their pursuits. It must be a matter of self-education, and they cannot turn in any direction without finding ample means for it. They have it brought home to their very doors in the shape of agricultural books and periodicals, and the assistance of agricultural societies. They have only to unite with these their well known intelligence and a proper degree of spirit to make themselves what they are not now—*scientific* farmers.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL HABITS.

At the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of Washington as President, Mr Stuyvesant, who presided at the dinner table, gave the following account of the private habits of that great man, which we are sure, will be read with interest.

1. 'GEORGE WASHINGTON—His example was perfect: Severe will be the condemnation of him who seeks his place and disregards the authority of that example.'

Mr Stuyvesant accompanied his toast with some remarks, containing interesting allusions to the private habits and character of Gen. Washington in substance as follows:

It cannot be expected, at this time and place, any allusion should be made to the public character of Washington; we are all in possession of his history from the dawn of life to the day Mount Vernon was wrapped in sable; and after the exercises of this morning, if any attempt to portray his politicial or military life was made, it would only be the glimmering light of a feeble star succeeding the rays of a meridian sun.

But the occasion affords the opportunity of congratulating the small number of gentlemen present who enjoyed the privilege of participating in the ceremonies of the 30th of April, 1789; they will recall to their memories the spontaneous effusions of joy that pervaded the breasts of the people, who on that occasion witnessed the organization of a constitutional government, formed by intelligent freemen, and consummated by placing at its head the man in whom their affections were concentrated as the father of their country.

Washington's residence in this city after his inauguration was limited to about two years. His deportment in life was not plain, nor was it at all pompous, for no man was more devoid of ostentation than himself; his style, however, gave universal satisfaction to all classes in the community; and, his historian has informed us, was not adapted for personal gratification but from a devotion to his country's welfare. Possessing a desirable stature, an erect form, and, superadded, a lofty and sublime countenance, he never appeared in public without arresting the reverence and admiration of the beholder: and the stranger who had never before seen him, was at the first impression convinced it was the President who delighted him.

He seldom walked in the street—his public recreation was in riding. When accompanied by Mrs Washington, he rode in a carriage drawn by six horses, with two outriders who wore rich livery, cocked hats with cockades and powder.

When he rode on horseback he was joined by one or more of the gentlemen of his family, and attended by his outriders. He always attended divine service on Sundays; his carriage on those occasions contained Mrs Washington and himself, with one or both of their grand children, and was drawn by two horses, with two footmen behind; it was succeeded by a post chaise accommodating two gentlemen of his household. On his arrival in the city the only residence that could be procured was a house in Cherry street, long known as the mansion of the Franklin family, but in a short time afterward he removed to and occupied the House in Broadway, now Bunker's Hotel.

Washington held a levee once a week, and from what is now recollected they were generally well attended, but confined to men in public life and gentlemen at leisure, for at that day it would have been thought a breach of decorum to visit the President of the United States in dishabille.

The arrival of Washington in 1789, to assume the reins of government, was not his first entry into this city accompanied with honor to himself and glory to his country. It was on the 24th of November, 1783; and here again I must observe, the number present who witnessed the ceremonies of that day, must indeed have been very limited; on that day, he made his triumphal entry, not to sway the sceptre, but to lay down his sword; not for personal aggrandizement; but to secure the happiness of his countrymen. He early in the morning left Harlem and entered the city through what is now called the Bowery; he was escorted by cavalry and infantry, and a large concourse of citizens on horseback and on foot, in plain dress; the latter must have been an interesting sight to those of mature age who were capable of comprehending their merit. In their ranks were seen men with patched elbows, odd buttons on their coats, and unmatched buckles in their shoes; they were not indeed Falstaff's company of scare-crows, but the most respectable citizens, who had been in exile and endured privations we know now not of, for seven long and tedious years.

On that occasion, and on his arrival in 1789, Washington was received, as it is well known, by the elder Clinton who was at both periods Governor of the State.

WHO KEEPS THE IRISH POOR.

[From Lady Chatterton's Rambles in Ireland.]

'My morning at the window has convinced me of what has been sometimes said in the newspapers, but which, until now, I never had an opportunity of observing myself—that the Irish poor support each other. This is literally the case.

'How do you live?' I enquired of a wretched looking woman, surrounded by a group of little ragged children, who represented herself as 'a lone widow,' without any means of support.

'Why, thin, up and down among the neighbors, lady. They're very good to me, an' one gives a bit, an' another a sup, an' 'tis lost i'd be entirely widout 'em.'

'Look at that old woman,' said M——, pointing to one who made her appearance with a sickly-looking little child, who clung to her with great fondness while she stroked his head, and looked affectionately down upon the little fellow. 'That poor woman has no friends, and is dependent on charity for her support. Her sons and daughters are dead, and yet, in her helpless old age, she took compassion on that deserted orphan, quite a stranger to her, and is trying to bring him up. Her kindness and affection towards the little creature are really beautiful. Many of her neighbors would willingly take her in, and give her an asylum in their cabins, were she alone, but she will not consent to part with her charge, and suffers all privations for his sake. A few months since she came here suffering from a dreadful cold; and when I asked her the cause, she confessed that it was owing to her having taken off her only gown in the severe weather, to cut up into clothes for the child after the measles.'

'How wonderful!' I exclaimed; 'this is charity indeed!'

'Oh,' said M——, 'I could tell you a thousand instances of this kind; the charity of the poorest of the Irish poor to each other is such as may well bring us to shame. Yesterday I asked that pretty little girl you observed at the window who it was that had given her the petticoat she had on. ''Twas Marianne Rowan gave it to me,' was the reply; and when she said so, I could not but think of the widow's mite, for I more than doubted whether poor Marianne, whom I must show you some day, had another petticoat for herself.

'Potatoes,' continued M——, who saw my interest was kindled by these touching traits of my favorite Irish peasanty, 'potatoes are the usual alms.—The protuberances you see at the back of the wandering mendicant are nothing else than a bag of these, collected at different cabins. I have been sometimes in a miserable hovel when a group of beggars has appeared at the door to ask for 'something for God's sake.' In a corner was the scanty store of potatoes, which looked hardly sufficient to supply the wants of a family for a single day. And yet to that little heap I have seen the poor woman of the house invariably turn at the appeal, and taking two or three of the best potatoes in it, give them to the beggar with a cheerful 'Here honest woman, you're kindly welcome to 'em, an' I wish it was more I had to give ye.' Lodging they never refuse; a thing that perhaps will appear more strange to your English ideas than what I have already told you: though among the poor here, such cheap charity is thought very little of. I have known a womnan and her sick daughter to be kept for months in a cabin in the village of Clarina; and when I remarked to the owner one day how kind it was in him to allow them to stay there, he said, in quite a surprised tone of voice 'Ah thin, 'twould be a queer thing for any Christian to refuse a craythur that wanted it, a corner of the cabin, and a lock of straw to lie on. What charm would it do a body for them just to stretch under the same roof, poor, quiet craythurs.'

PEACE OF GOD.

There is a two-fold peace. The first is negative. It is relief from disquiet and corroding care. It is repose after conflict and storms.—But there is another and a higher peace to which this is but the prelude, 'a peace of God which passeth all understanding,' and properly called 'the kingdom of heaven within us.' This state is any thing but negative. It is the highest and most strenuous action of the soul, but an entirely harmonious action, in which all our powers and affections are blended in a beautiful proportion, and sustain, and perfect one another. It is more than silence after storms. It is as the concord of all melodious sounds. Has the reader never known a season, when, in the fullest flow of thought and feeling, in the universal action of the soul, an inward calm, profound as midnight silence, yet bright as the still summer noon, full of joy, but unbroken by one throb of tumultuous passion, has been breathed through his spirit, and given him a glimpse and presage of the serenity of a happier world? Of this character is the peace of religion. It is a conscious harmony with God and the creation, an alliance of love with all beings, a sympathy with all that is pure and happy, a surrender of every separate will and interest, a participation of the spirit and life of the universe, an entire concord of purpose with its Infinite Original.—*Channing.*

RE-UNION IN HEAVEN.

How short is the earthly history of a family. A few years, and those who are now embraced in a family circle will be scattered. The children, now the objects of tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone forth to their respective stations in the world. A few years more, and children and parents will have passed from this earthly stage. Their name will be no longer heard in their present dwelling. Their domestic loves and anxieties, happiness and sorrows will be a lost and forgotten history. Every heart in which it was written will be mouldering in the dust. And is this all? Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided for some of the strongest feelings of our hearts? If it be, how shall we dare pour forth our affections on objects so fleeting? How can such transitory beings, with whom our connection is so brief, engage all the love we are capable of feeling? Why should not our feelings toward them be as feeble and unsatisfying as they? But, blessed be God, this is not all. Of this he has given us perfect assurance in the Gospel of his Son. Though to the eye of unenlightened nature, the ties of domestic love seem scattered into dust, the spiritual eye of faith perceives that they have been loosened on earth, only to be resumed, under far happier circumstances, in the regions of everlasting love and bliss. Though the history of a family may seem to be forgotten, when the last member of it is laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives in immortal souls, and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth, it is again completed in Heaven.

FEMALE PIETY.

Thegem of all others to encircle the coronet of a lady's character, is unaffected piety. Nature may lavish much on her person—the enchantment of the countenance, the gracefulness of her mein, or the strength of her intellect, yet her loveliness is uncrowned till piety throws around the whole the sweetness and power of her charms. She then becomes unearthly in her temper, unearthly in her desire and associations. The spell which bound her affections to things below, is broken, and she mounts on the silent wings of her fancy and hope to the habitation of God, where it will be her delight to hold communion with the spirits that have been ransomed from the thraldom of earth, and wreathed with a garland of glory.

Her beauty may throw its magical charms over many—princes and conquerors may bow with admiration at the shrine of her riches, the sons of science and poetry may embalm her memory in song, yet piety must be her ornament, her pearl. Her name must be written in the 'book of life,' that when mountains fade away, and every memento of earthly greatness is lost in the general wreck of nature, it may remain and swell in the list of that mighty throng, which had been clothed with the mantle of righteousness, and their voices attuned to the melody of heaven.

With such a treasure, every lofty gratification on earth may be purchased; friendship will be doubly sweet—and the character will possess a price far above rubies; life will be but a visit to earth, and death the entrance upon a joyful and perpetual home. And when the note of the last trumpet shall be heard, and sleeping millions awake to judgment, its possessors shall be presented faultless before the throne of God with exceeding joy, and a crown of life that shall never wear away.

Such is piety. Like a tender flower, planted in the fertile soil of woman's heart, it grows, expanding its foliage, and imparting its fragrance to all around, till transplanted it is set to bloom in perpetual vigor, and unfading beauty, in the paradise of God.

Follow the star, it will light you through every labyrinth in the wilderness of life, gild the gloom that will gather around you in a dying hour, and bring you safely over the tempestuous Jordan of death, into the heaven of promised and settled rest.—*Danville Star.*

QUAKERISM.

[From Bancroft's History of the U. S.]

The rise of the people called Quakers is one of the memorable events in the history of man. It marks the moment when intellectual freedom was claimed unconditionally by the people as an inalienable birthright. To the masses in that age, all reflection on politics and morals presented itself under a theological form. The Quaker doctrine is philosophy, summoned from the cloister, the college, and the saloon, and planted among the most despised of the people.

As poetry is older than critics, so philosophy is older than metaphysicians. The mysterious question of the purpose of our being is always before us and within us; and the little child, as it begins to prattle, makes inquiries which the pride of learning cannot solve. The method of the solution adopted by the Quakers, was the natural consequence of the origin of their sect. The mind of George Fox had the highest systematic sagacity; and his doctrine, developed and rendered illustrious by Barclay and Penn, was distinguished by its simplicity and unity. The Quaker has but one word, *The inner light*, the voice of God in the soul. That light is a reality, and therefore in its freedom the highest revelation of truth; it is endued with the Spirit of God, and therefore merits dominion as the guide to virtue; it shines in every man's breast, and therefore joins the whole human race in the unity of equal rights. Intellectual freedom, the supremacy of mind, universal enfranchisement,—these three points include the whole of Quakerism, as far as it belongs to civil history.

Quakerism rests on the reality of the Inner Light, and its method of inquiry is absolute freedom applied to consciousness. The revelation of truth is immediate. It springs neither from tradition nor from the senses, but directly from the mind. No man comes to the knowledge of God but by the Spirit. 'Each person' says Penn, 'knows God from an infallible demonstration in himself, and not on the slender grounds of man's lo here interpretation, or lo there.'—'The instinct of a Deity is so natural to man, that he can no more do without it, and be, than he can be without the most essential part of himself.' As the eye opens, light enters; and the mind, as it looks in upon itself, receives moral truth by intuition. Others have sought wisdom by consulting the outward world, and, confounding consciousness with reflection, have trusted solely to the senses for the materials of thought; the Quaker, placing no dependence on the world of the senses, calls the soul home from its wanderings through the mazes of tradition and the wonders of the visible universe, bidding the vagrant sit down by its own fires to read the divine inscription on the heart. 'Some seek truth in books, some in learned men, but what they seek for is in themselves.'—'Man is an epitome of the world, and to be learned in it, we have only to read ourselves well.'

Thus the method of the Quaker coincided with that of Descartes and his disciples, who founded their system on consciousness, and made the human mind the point of departure in philosophy. But Descartes plunged immediately into the confusion of hypothesis, drifting to sea to be wrecked among the barren waves of ontological speculation; and even Leibnitz, confident in his genius and learning, lost his way among the monads of creation and the pre-established harmonies in this best of all possible worlds; the illiterate Quaker adhered strictly to his method; like the timid navigators of old time, who carefully kept near the shore, he never ventured to sea except with the certain guidance of the cynosure in the heart. He was consistent, for he set no value on learning acquired in any other way. Tradition cannot enjoin a ceremony, still less establish a doctrine; historical faith is as the old heavens that are to be wrapped up as a scroll.

The constant standard of truth and goodness, says William Penn, is God in the conscience, and liberty of conscience is therefore the most sacred right, and the only avenue to religion. To restrain it is an invasion of the divine prerogative. It robs man of the use of the instinct of a Deity. To take away the great charter of freedom of conscience is to prevent the progress of society; or rather, as the beneficent course of Providence cannot be checked, it is in men of the present generation but knotting a whipcord to lash their own posterity. The selfishness of bigotry is the same in every age; the persecutors of to-day do not differ from those who inflamed the people of Athens to demand the death of Socrates. And the Quakers agreed with the philosophers of old, that freedom of mind, applied to the contemplation of God, is the end of life.

But the Quaker asked for conscience more than security against penal legislation. He proclaimed an insurrection against every form of authority over conscience; he resisted every attempt at the slavish subjection of the understanding. He had no reverence for the decrees of a university, a convocation, or a synod no fear of maledictions from the Vatican. Nor was this all. The Quaker denied the value of all learning, except that which the mind appropriates by its own intelligence. The lessons of tradition were no better than the prating of a parrot, and letter learning may be hurtful as well as helpful. When the mind is not free, the devil can accompany the zealot to his prayers and the doctor to his study. The soul is a living fountain of immortal truth; but a college is in itself no better than a cistern, in which water may stagnate, and truth to him who is learned and not wise, who knows words and not things, is of no more worth than a beautiful piece of sculpture to a Vandal. Let then the pedant plume himself in the belief, that erudition is wisdom; the waters of life, welling up from the soul, gush forth in spontaneous freedom; and the illiterate mechanic need not fear to rebuke the proudest rabbis of the university.

The Quaker equally claimed the emancipation of conscience from the terrors of superstition. He did not waken devotion by appeals to fear. He could not grow pale from dread of apparitions, or, like Grotius, establish his faith by the testimony of ghosts; and in an age when the English courts punished witchcraft with death, he rejected the delusion as having no warrant in the free experience of the soul. To him no spirit was created evil; the world began with innocency; and as God blessed the works of his hands, their natures and harmony magnified their Creator. God made no devil; for all that he made was good, without a jar in the whole frame. Discord proceeds from a perversion of powers, whose purpose was benevolent; and the spirit becomes evil only by a departure from truth.

The Quaker was equally warned against the delusions of self-love. His enemies, in derision, sneered at his idol as a delirious will-in-the-wisp, that claimed a heavenly descent for the offspring of earthly passions; and Fox and Barclay, and Penn, earnestly denounced 'the idolatry which hugs its own conceptions,' mistaking the whimseys of a feverish brain for the calm revelation of the divine. But 'how shall I know,' asks Penn, 'that a man does not obtrude his own sense upon us as the infallible Spirit?' And he answers, 'By the same Spirit. The Spirit witnesseth to our spirit.' The Quaker repudiates the errors which the bigotry of sects, or the zeal of selfishness, or the delusion of the senses, has engrafted upon the unchanging principles of morals; and accepting intelligence wherever it exists, from the collision of parties and the strife in the world of opinions, he gathers together the universal truths which of necessity constitute the common creed of mankind. There is a natural sagacity of sympathy, which separates what belongs to the individual from that which commends itself to universal reason. Quakerism 'is a most rational system.' Judgment is to be made not from the rash and partial mind, but from the eternal light that never erred. The divine revelation is universal, and compels assent. The jarring reasonings of individuals have filled the world with controversies and debates; the true light pleads its excellency in every breast. Neither may the divine revelation be confounded with individual conscience; for the conscience of the individual follows judgment, and may be warped by self-love and debauched by lust. The Turk has no remorse for sensual indulgence, for he has defiled his judgment with a false opinion. The Papist, if he eat flesh in Lent, is reproved by the inward monitor, for that monitor is blinded by a false belief. The true light is therefore not the reason of the individual, nor the conscience of the individual; it is the light of universal reason; the voice of universal conscience, 'manifesting its own verity, in that it is confirmed and established by the experience of all men.' Moreover it has the characteristic of necessity. 'It constrains even its adversaries to plead for it.' 'It never contradicts sound reason,' and is the noblest and most certain rule, for 'the divine revelation is so evident and clear of itself, that by its own evidence and clearness, it irresistibly forces the well-disposed understanding to assent.'

GOD SEEN IN ALL THINGS.

It is poor philosophy, and narrow religion, which does not recognise God in all things. Every moment of our lives, we breathe, stand, or move in the temple of the Most High; for the whole universe is that temple. Wherever we go, the testimony of his power, the impress of his hand are there. Ask of the bright worlds above us, as they roll in the everlasting harmony of their circles; and they shall tell you of him, whose power launched them on their courses. Ask of the mountains, that lift their heads among and above the clouds; and the black summit of another in proclaiming their testimony to the agency which hath laid their deep foundations. Ask of the ocean's waters; and the roar of their boundless waves from shore to shore, a hymn of ascription to that Being, who hath said, 'Hitherto shall ye come and no farther.' Ask of the rivers; and as they roll onward to the sea, do they bear along the ceaseless tribute to the ever-working energy which struck open their fountains and poured them down through their valleys? Ask of every region of the earth, from the burning equator to the icy pole, from the rock bound coast to the plain covered with its luxuriant vegetation; and will you not find on all of them the records of the Creator's presence. Ask of the countless tribes of plants and animals; and shall they not testify to the action of the great Source of life? Yes, from every portion, from every department of nature, comes the same voice; every where we hear thy name, O God; every where we see thy love. Creation, in all its length and breath, in all its depth and height, is the manifestation of thy spirit, and without thee the world were dark and dead. The universe is to us as the burning bush which the Hebrew leader saw: God is ever present in it, for it burns with his glory, and the ground on which we stand is always holy. How can we speak of that Presence as particularly in the sanctuary which is abroad through all space and time.—*Francis.*

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

At the late anniversary of the American Bible Society, the Rev. Dr Milnor presented to the society the following letter from Mr Greenleaf, professor of law in the University of Cambridge, Mass.

Cambridge, May 4, 1839.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—I can hardly express the regret I feel at being again deprived of the privilege of attending the ensuing anniversary of our beloved Society; but the necessary absence of my colleague in the Law department of our University renders it unavoidable. I particularly wished to have urged on the Society the importance of new efforts to introduce the Bible into *all* our common schools, throughout the land. Having myself been early acquainted with such a school, where the Bible was the principal reading book, I have seen something of its influence on boys, up to their riper years; and the observations of subsequent life have deepened the conviction of my mind, that if our institutions are to be perpetuated, it will be only through a wide and general diffusion of the principles inculcated in the word of God. The Bible is the only faithful picture of real life—the only true history of man—the only unvarnished narrative of his sins, and of the just retribution of his holy Sovereign. It is the only historical book which gives a true account of the human family in all its relations and its motives of conduct. Man falsifies his own history—God has written it with the pen of truth. Its fidelity is evinced in the fact that it has never become obsolete. The man delineated in the Bible, is the man of every age of the world, from the creation to our own days and will be such to the end of time. And if it is important to man to learn the moral nature of his race, and to learn it early, let him be taught it in his youth, among the rudiments of his education, from the fountain of all truth—the Bible.

It has been well observed, by one of our most gifted men, that to seek to make children become good citizens without the aid and sanctions, and light of religion, is to cultivate the branches and neglect the root. They can be made such, only by the early inculcation of the radical principle of all good citizenship, the fear of God and the habit of filial obedience to his commands. It is a gross inconsistency, to 'leave them to decide for themselves at maturity,' in this important matter, while with better reason, we decide for them, during the immaturity of their judgment, in all things else. Man is a confiding being, constituted by his Creator to believe implicitly, during the entire period of his inability to judge for himself. In infancy he takes every thing upon trust; and of this condition of his mind we avail ourselves in every part of his education. The system of education itself is based upon it, and it is conducted on this principle, changed by degrees, only as the disposition to universal and implicit confidence gradually decays, and is succeeded by the powers of ripened intellect. If the mind is not subdued and enslaved by the inculcation of mathematical truth, which, in childhood is as much received upon trust as any other, neither will it be by the inculcation of the truths of religion and good morals. Indeed the mind cannot be kept free from all impressions on this subject. The education of children is far from being confined to school, or even to the fire-

side. All with whom the child is permitted to associate, contribute their share to the formation of his moral character—but it is only in the school and under the paternal roof, that the hostile influences of the world can be successful ly met and counteracted. We cannot begin too early, to teach our children the truths of the Christian religion, nor pursue it too long. There is, in the Bible, enough that the weakest can comprehend, and enough for the grapplings of the strongest mind.

The present state of Europe and America furnishes another and strong argument for increased effort in the religious and moral education of children. Public opinion, in both countries, is in a state of revolution, and great changes are in progress. There is not only a struggle between despotism and liberty, but another controversy is going on, between the liberty of good government and extreme licentiousness; and yet another between the cause of Christ and the enemies of his cross and of his religion. From these causes, deriving, as they do, great force from the tide of European emigration to our shores, the character of our population is unstable, and deep and important changes are almost daily proposed in our institutions. The conservative energy on which these must depend for safety, will be mainly in the virtue of our immediate successors; and this is to be created and preserved only by their religious education. They may be trained in the love of God and his law; and to this end his law must be early set before them, day by day, in the common schools. If we would have them imbibe correct principles, we must have good electors; for our rulers receive their public character at the ballot boxes, and represent, in official conduct, the principles and character of their constituents. This character will be determined by the influence impressed in youth, and perhaps no influences, bear more strongly upon youth than those of the books they read. It is easy, on this ground, to account for the opposition of the enemies of religion to the use of the Bible as a school-book; and this opposition of a sagacious enemy should lead us the more strenuously to urge its adoption in all the common schools of the country.

It is no new experiment that I would urge; for it has been already tried, with the most beneficial results. The fathers of our revolution were trained in common schools with the Bible for their principal, and generally their sole reading book. We confess our own degeneracy from the high standard of those pure patriots; but wherein has our education differed from theirs, except that we have discarded the Bible from schools. In other nations the like results are seen. In Iceland, for example, though they have no common schools, their children are carefully instructed in the Bible, it being almost their only book; and among no people are its precepts more familiarly referred to, or more conscientiously regarded.

I might add, that the possession of a common faith, and an engagement in united and common effort for its propagation, by means of the Bible, may prove to be among the most efficacious means for the prevention of war. The great body of Christians thus engaged, at this time, in this great work, cannot be without influence in their respective nations. Children who have been taught God's word from the Bibles of strangers, will not easily be induced, in maturer age, to make war upon their benefactors. When Sweden was compelled by Napoleon to declare war against England, and a form of prayer for the success of their arms was sent to the several churches, the Declarians refused to read it, saying it was a *mistake*; for the English, who had sent them bread in their famine, and *Bibles* too, *could not* be their enemies!

But I must stop somewhere, and the only apology I can offer for writing thus much is, that I wrote from a full heart, and to a fellow Christian. If my absence from the anniversary should leave the cause with one advocate the less, pray submit these views to some fellow laborer, and ask him, in his own way, to advocate them, if approved.

[From Tholuck's Sermons.]

THE SPECIAL PRESENCE OF GOD.

How does God draw near unto men? He draws near to them as God the Father, in the work of creation and preservation. On all sides is every thing which liveth surrounded with the great mystery of love. It was love which, on the morning of the creation, cried into the darkness, 'let there be light,' and light was. The independent and eternal God, who might in his self-existence and blessedness have dwelt forever alone, desired to have copartners of his blessedness, and he therefore created the world and spirits allied to his own nature. And now, soul of man! whenever in the elevation of joy thou lookest upon thyself, and sayest to thyself, 'I am;' be sure that thou also utter this exclamation, 'It is eternal love which hath made me in the image of God.' That love, which brought thee into existence on earth, see, how it bears thee in its motherly arms through this poor life, which is wreathed about with thorns and misery. Far above this earth, where souls of men abide, thither penetrates a beam from this sun, and thither goes with it this motherly love, mild and blessing; and it warms and sustains and cherishes and shelters the ever needy heart of man. Even the rudest mind can form a conception of this near approach of God in the work of creation and preservation. Paul goes into the midst of the heathen world and proclaims, 'Turn ye to the living God, who made heaven and earth and the sea and all that is therein; and hath not left himself without a witness, but hath given us much good, and hath sent rain and fruitful seasons from heaven, and hath filled our hearts with joy and gladness.'

But creating and preserving love has not provided a mirror for itself in thee alone. Around us and afar off has it also erected its tabernacle. The morning stars of heaven rejoice in their Maker, and the modest flower of the earth praises him in the lowly vale. When a man, who hath first received into his own heart the full consciousness of that love which encircles heaven and earth in the embrace of its motherly arms, when such a man goeth forth on a bright day of spring into the solitary temple of nature; oh—what a unison doth he feel between his own heart and all created objects, as they adore and sing,—'Eternal, all-protecting love! Hallowed be thy name!' Yea my brethren, in the work of his creation God the Father hath approached near unto us, inexpressibly near unto us, even as man to man;—to us, his poor children, standing in the need of help;—and let every thing which hath breath praise and exalt the Lord!

But although, my friends, we are placed in this glorious temple of nature as the priests of God, yet are we in no way profited by it, unless we be in reality priests. Of what avail is the fulness of all gifts and good things, which flow forth to thee from the exhaustless store-house of heaven and earth, if they do not expand thy heart to deep-felt gratitude, and humble obedience? Of what avail, that every star in the heaven and every worm upon the earth has a tongue, with which it bears witness of eternal love, when the heart is deaf, and thy mouth continues speechless? Of what avail to us, that God the Father has revealed himself in us and in nature as the Father of all that lives, unless we be his children? And until the Son has transformed us to be the children of his Father, oh how pitiably man stands on the heaving bosom of nature; how poor, how ignorant; unable to expound the riddle; living like the heathen without God and without hope in the world; and instead of folding his hands, he wrings them in despair.

Draw near to God when he comes to you in the Spirit, as it operates within your heart. Oh that I might, with divine power, penetrate all your souls with this cry;—whenever you feel within your spirits the attraction and voice of your Father, resist it not; it is the voice of God; it is the work of God; fail not to hear it; for it is in this particular that the righteousness of God is manifested in the most fearful way. 'There dwells,' says a heathen writer, 'in men, a Holy Spirit, who treats us as he is treated by us.' Once turned away, he comes back again the more seldom, and speaks to us with less and less power. But what can I do, you ask, if the voice within me sounds but softly; or if I have disdained it, until it has become scarcely audible? Brother, it stands recorded: 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.' You reply, 'I have a cold heart. I cannot pray;' but I ask you, is not a warm heart a good gift? If it be so, then I add, it stands written, 'If ye who are evil yet know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Father bestow favor upon them who ask it.' It is a mistake, a dangerous error to suppose that man should pray only when his heart prompts. What shall one do, when his heart dies away, and incites him no more? Knowest thou not, that the soul is stimulated to prayer by prayer itself. Hast thou never yet experienced that happy state, when the soul grieving over its inward barrenness and coldness, casts itself down, and begins with frigid feelings to pray, and this very prayer transforms the heart of stone into one of flesh, and thine affections begin to swell within thee and to pour themselves out more and more freely, and the words flow forth in richer and richer abundance, and thou canst find no end to them, and thou art overpowered, and criest aloud,—'Yea verily, oh God, thou canst do superabundantly above all that we can ask and think?' But you say,—'Alas my supplication falls back again so cold and faint upon me. It seems as if I mocked God with my prayer, full of words but without a soul.' Brother, I ask you only one question:—Do you hunger for the bread of life? If you do, then certainly you do not mock your God with your supplication. Shall it be that you entreat longingly for bread, and are refused? Nay, nay, he in whose countenance we behold all that is paternal, hath inquired, 'What man is there among you, who if his son ask for bread, will give him a stone?' Cry out in full trust, 'Bread, Father! I wish! Thou who givest earthly bread to the young ravens, thy child longeth for the bread of the soul' And do you think that to you alone, among all mortals, there would come a refusal? Remember that the holy men of God; remember that, in particular, Augustus Hermann Francke fell on his knees and prayed,—'God, if thou art, manifest thyself unto me.' Lo, thus was he obliged to *begin* to learn how to pray; and the manner in which he ended, the conclusion to which he came, you know—see, the edifice of his faith, of his prayers, is erected among you, an imperishable monument. And can you still doubt, you with the cold heart, that you will learn to pray with warm and glowing feeling, if you will but begin in faith? Beloved Christians, draw near to the Holy Spirit of God in supplication.

Come then, all ye who are not dead, and yet are not alive; ye whom the earth will not leave unmolested, and whom heaven will not accept; ye who serve two masters, how long will ye fluctuate? Hold fast in your souls this one truth; whatsoever can be done on the part of God, hath already been done. The wedding festival is prepared; you have been invited; nothing remains but for you to come. The sea of love surrounds you; nothing remains but for you to drink. At the last day, when you wring your hands in despair, shall it be said, 'I was willing, but ye were not willing?' How to approach him who approacheth you so graciously, you know. Seek the still hour, every day. Read the Holy Scriptures, every day. Attend, every hour and every instant, to every attracting influence of the Holy Spirit. When the Spirit keepeth silence, then cling to your prayer.

Israel! why wilt thou die? Lo, thou knowest what course is needful for thy happiness. Whoever remaineth shut out, whoever remaineth shut out from the work of grace,—he hath shut himself out.

ROBERT HALL'S ADVICE TO SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

While we insist on the absolute necessity of an acquaintance with the word of God, we are equally convinced it is but an instrument, which, like every other, requires a hand to wield it, and that important as it is, in the order of means, the spirit of Christ only can make it effectual, which ought therefore to be earnestly and incessantly implored for that purpose. *Open mine eyes*, saith the Psalmist, *and I shall behold wonderful things out of thy law.* We trust it will be your care who have the conduct of the school we are recommending to the patronage of this audience, to impress on these children a deep conviction of their radical corruption, and of the necessity of the agency of the spirit, to render the knowledge they acquire, practical and experimental. *In the morning, sow your seed, in the evening withhold not your hands, but remember that neither he that soweth, nor he that watereth is anything, it is God that giveth the increase.* Be not satisfied with making them read a lesson, or repeat a prayer. By every thing tender and solemn in religion; by a due admixture of the awful considerations drawn from the prospect of death and judgment, with others of a more pleasing nature, aim to fix serious impressions on their hearts. Aim to produce a religious concern, carefully watch its progress, and endeavor to conduct it to a prosperous issue. Lead them to the footstool of the Saviour, teach them to rely, as guilty creatures, on his merits alone, and to commit their eternal interest enterely into his hands. Let the salvation of these children be the object; to which every word of your instructions, every exertion of your authority, is directed. Despise the profane clamor, which would deter you from attempting to render them serious, from an apprehension of its making them melancholy, not doubting for a moment, that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and that the path to true happiness lies through purity, humility, and devotion. Meditate the worth of souls; meditate deeply the lessons the Scriptures afford on their inconceivable value and eternal duration. Whil the philosopher wearies himself with endless speculations on their physical properties and nature, while the politician only contemplates the social arrangements of mankind and the shifting forms of policy, fix *your* attention on the individual importance of man, as the creature of God, and a candidate for immortality. Let it be your highest ambition to train up these children for an unchanging condition of being. Spare no pains to recover them to the image of God; render familiar to their minds, in all its extent, the various branches of that *holiness* without which *none shall see the Lord.* Inculcate the obligation, and endeavor to inspire the love of that rectitude, that eternal rectitude which was with God before time began, was embodied in the person of his Son and, in its lower communications, will survive every sublunary change, emerge in the dissolution of all things, and be impressed in refulgent characters, on the new heavens and the new earth, *in which dwelleth righteousness.* Pray often with them, and for them, and remind them of the inconceivable advantage attached to that exercise. Accustom them to a punctual and reverential attendance at the house of God: insist on their sanctification of the Sabbath; by such a disposition of time as is suitable to a day of rest and devotion. Survey them with a vigilant and tender eye, checking every appearance of an evil and depraved disposition, the moment it springs up, and encouraging the dawn of piety and virtue. By thus *training them up in the way they should go*, you may reasonably hope that, *when old, they will not depart from it.*

SANCTITY OF LAW.

The following remarks from a Philadelphia paper, on the obligation which attaches to all good citizens of scrupulously respecting the mandates of the law, are worthy the attention of all,—and derive additional importance from the posture of affairs at present in many parts of the country.

'The accounts which are every day given of the state of things in Mississippi, are calculated forcibly to remind one of the importance of preserving the principle, in purity and vigor, that holds society together, and which is denominated the Law. If these accounts are not altogether exaggerated, the people of that State have already reached that condition which always must result from prostrating courts of justice, and violating laws with impunity. Property has lost its protection, and consequently its value—public credit is prostrate, and life itself has become insecure.

Where this state of things will end, short of entire anarchy, it is impossible to tell. One thing is certain, that without law, liberty is any thing but a blessing to a people. When the weak cease to find shelter from the oppressions of the strong in the protection of courts of justice, and the poor man must look in vain to these as their safeguards against the rich, society has failed of the purposes for which it was created, and the people will fly to a despotism to escape from their own madness.

This invisible bond that binds society together, while its influence extends protection to all, is rarely regarded, as it ought to be by those who enjoy the safety that it guarantees. It is only when it is lost or violated, that its importance is perceived.—The people ought to view with abhorrence every measure that tends to weaken the habitual confidence and regard in which their laws are held.'

[From Mr. Winslow's Discourse on the Importance of Sustaining the Law.]

I have said nothing of the interests of religion, for I have chosen to consider this law only as it was designed to be—a legislative enactment to secure the temporal well-being of the people and the general interests of the state. But if we take a single glance at this subject in a religious view, it rises to immeasurable importance. Let all alcholic drinks be in this country restricted to their appropriate uses, and not only will a great and decisive step be taken for the prosperity of all our personal, social, political, and national interests, but for the universal triumph of that spiritual and holy kingdom which brings glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men, in its myriads of souls redeemed from sin and prepared for the everlasting joys of heaven.

It is no cause for faint-heartedness, if in the first attempts to enforce this law there should be some shuffling, dodging, contempt of authority, special pleading, and indecision of jurors. The struggle will soon be over. It will not be long before the men who have been unfriendly to the law, will so change their business and their views as to favor it. The time is not distant, when not only they who have, with honest intentions, opposed the law, but also they who have opposed the temperance cause itself, will be found among the firmest and ablest advocates of both. Such there are, men of true patriotism and honest aim, who only need to see that the temperance reform and the temperance law are identified with the true welfare of our country and of mankind, to be induced heartily to espouse them, and to give their talents and influence to their promotion.

What wonders have a few years wrought in this great and difficult work of reform! Passion, prejudice, appetite, interest, and long established custom, have all been arrayed against it; and even its own friends have sometimes incautiously exposed it to embarrassments and perils, by fallacious arguments and misdirected zeal. Yet the cause has continued to advance. It has already, to some extent, pervaded all ranks and descriptions of men; it has reached and enlisted the chief authorities and the highest courts of this and of other nations.

It is to us occasion for special gratitude and joy, that the land which gave rest to the weary feet of the pilgrims; which witnessed their conflicts, their prayers, their praises, which entombed their sacred dust; the land where our liberty was born and cradled; the land of valiant deeds and lofty enterprise; the land of sires and of sons who have ever been first in piety, first in science, first in councils, first in arts, first in conflicts, and first in peace—is now crowning all, by being first in that illustrious cause, which is destined to achieve for mankind a more exalted and glorious victory than was ever won with blood. That the cause of temperance has reached such an eminence in public sentiment, as that two honorable legislatures of Massachusetts, each consisting of more than five hundred of her most intelligent citizens, have judged it safe and expedient to enact and sustain this law, are a sufficient guaranty that it is strong in the hearts of the people and will prevail.

This law was enacted in the right time. Had it been enacted sooner, it would not have been supported. Had its enactment been longer delayed, the cause of temperance would have begun to suffer loss in the public sentiment; for no practice can be permanently condemned by a community, in which it is contenanced by law. If we would make any practice permanently odious, we must enact a law against it; if we then honor the law, the law will disgrace the practice.

All eyes are now turned upon us. We are a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid. The friends of temperance throughout the country will look, with intense desire, for the success of this law; and all the enemies of temperance will look, with equally eager desire, for its failure. The stake is a great one; it involves the life and happiness of millions. Let all consider well how much is depending upon the success of this law. If any have hitherto doubted of its expediency, through fear that it will not succeed, or that it will be made an occasion of political divisions, let them now come forward in a firm and unbroken phalanx to its support, and the result will surely be not less grateful to them, than to its earliest and most zealous supporters. It is the cause of no sect, no party, no class; it is a great common cause of our common country, our common welfare, our common trust. It holds high rank among the means which heaven has given us, to perpetuate and transmit to our posterity the civil, social and religious blessings which we inherit. The cause is of God, and it will prevail. Man might as well attempt to stop the sun in his benign journey through the skies, as to prevent this cause from going forth to enlighten and bless the world.

The time is approaching, when it will be reckoned among the wonders of the past, that spirituous liquors once received the sanction of civil law to destroy such multitudes of our fellow men. The streams of liquid fire which have so long been allowed to flow freely over the land, withering, scorching, killing every green thing, will be dried up at the fountains; and verdure, fragrance, beauty, and abundance of fruit, will gladden the earth forever. And who will not respond, Amen.

[From the North American Review.]

THE IMPORTANCE OF SELF-CULTIVATION TO THE CLERGY.

It is but of little consequence, after all, to a good and faithful minister, where he is settled, as it regards his own profit, or his influence on the world. A man may be almost buried in a hamlet amongst the mountains. The world may never hear or read his name. He faithfully uses the trust committed to him, and dies almost unknown. Such an one may not only be acknowledged hereafter as a better servant than another, whose name and fame were great amongst men, but it may also happen, that the tradition, if not the contemporaneous record, of his hidden life, is published to the world; and then his simple faith, his unambitious spirit, his devoted love for his Master and his charge, have a greater effect upon the world than he could have produced, if he had preached to thousands, and had spent his life in the scenes of a great city. There are places, small and inconsiderable, in our own and in other lands, which will probably be known, for many generations, by their association with the name and memory of the minister, who spent his life in their quiet and almost unknown retirements. We are deceived, if we think that our characters or usefulness depend, mainly, upon our places of labor. Young ministers, especially need to learn, that their usefulness is not to be computed by their immediate and obvious success. Opposite the window, at which we are writing, there is a tall, young elm. Its trunk black with the rain which is now falling, shows, in strong contrast, the few tufted leaves which it has yet been able to produce, while, not far from it, a young fruit-tree is already full of leaves and blossoms. The latter will not long retain its present beauty, it cannot yield much fruit; but the elm will be full and green all summer, even its shade will be better than its neighbor's fruit, and fifty years hence, it will probably be a suitable emblem of a man of God, beneath whose quiet influence the generations of a people, their flowers and their taller grass, have fallen asleep. This is an age of sudden and violent impulse to do good, to reform mankind, to hasten the cycles of the divine decrees. Young ministers partake, to some extent, of the spirit of the times, and are unlike the nation which the Prophet said, had not, from its youth, been emptied from vessel to vessel. We are persuaded, that one great means of curing the evil is, (not to be less benevolent, not to have a jealousy and fear of all reforms, but) to recognise and practise this truth, that a prominent object of a minister's life should be self-cultivation.

We have spoken chiefly of intellectual culture. The Christian ministry affords the best possible opportunities for moral self-cultivation. In observing examples of excellent goodness, and also of the unsuspected deceitfulness of the human heart, in commending and reproving others, a minister will be reminded of his own deficiencies; and while he seeks to make others better, how can he, without hypocrisy, neglect to practise his own teachings? Secluded from the world in a degree favorable to reflection, and yet continually called into the world, at least by his official intercourse with his people, he fully realizes all that is good in the idea of the monastic life, while he is preserved from its injurious abuse. He is not taken 'out of the world,' but is in a great measure kept 'from the evil.' He has advantages for learning all that is of general value in other callings without the undesirable liabilities and necessities of those callings. His studies, for instance, may lead him into some of the paths of that profession which is concerned with the principles of law; for a knowledge of these principles is of use in the statement and illustration of Christian truth, but how different with him is the object and use of such knowledge, from its employment in the perplexing and wearisome contests of man with his neighbor. So with respect to the facts and principles of almost every other calling; the Christian minister has an advantage from them, in which, compared with those who are employed in their practical application to the arts and purposes of life, he is like the earth, which drinks in the showers which the sun, and sea and clouds have wrought. He seems to be set apart, in every respect, by the arrangements of Providence, for the highest advantage to his moral improvement, and, at the same time, he is deprived of no privilege, nor excluded from any thing which is necessary to his consciousness of being a member, in full communion, of the great human family.

The improvement of these opportunities for moral culture will show itself in the character of his appeals from the pulpit. A man who has done nothing but inform himself, by study, with regard to facts and theories, will address himself only to the understanding, and that with but little success. He will be, perhaps an instructive, but certainly a hard, dry, uninteresting preacher. We remember Burke's opinion of 'the heart of a thorough-bred metaphysician.' The subjects, with which a preacher is conversant, and the motives which are supposed to influence him, will, of course, sever his heart from the cold and inhuman influences, which gather round the soul of one, whose chief employment is to practise metaphysical alchemy upon the nature of man. But, next to him, in doing injustice to the nature which God has given us, is the man who sets forth moral and religious truth, as though we had only the power of cold and barren intellection. What a mysterious and dread power is the human conscience! To approach it, and deal with it successfully, requires more art and care than in approaching a Pythoness;—to secure its well-instructed aid, to prevent its encouragement of evil doing, is oftentimes a harder work than was the bringing back of Eurydice from hell. The man, who would do it successfully, must be able to say, in sympathy with Apostolic goodness,—'We trust we have a good conscience.' He must know its ocean-like depths and changes, its troubled billows, its halcyon peace. He must have experienced the bitterness of sorrow at its silence with regard to his errors and sins, when it was spell-bound by evil desire; he must have felt its power, when it afterward shouted, like a giant by reason of wine. Of the human conscience, it may be said, 'Its roaring is the roaring of a lion, but its favor is as dew upon the grass.' Surely none but he who has made himself a study, can speak of such things successfully to his fellow-men: and we say, that there are no opportunities for such study more favorable than those which he enjoys, who has the 'cure of souls,' and is thereby led, if he is a sincere and honest man, to a self-application of the errors, and the self-deceit, and the good moral example of others.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

FEEBLE CHURCHES.

Mr. Editor,—The present time appears to me to be most auspicious for the promotion and extention of Unitarian Christianity. Men are in search of truth, and whenever and wherever it is presented to them in a becoming temper and spirit they will receive it. But Sir, in our denomination, as in most others, there are a number of feeble churches, some of which have become so by the unhappy, and I may almost say unchristian jars and commotions of opposing sects in former days, and others which have just come into existence, conscious of their weakness, struggling for their life, but yet determined to honor the great head of the church by raising up yet another church to his glory and worship. To this latter class of Churches, Sir, it is my happiness to be attached. I rejoice in the thought that, though this church has been planted in weakness, and has yet but the strength of a young sapling, it may one day be found in its full strength, and obtain a name and a praise among the followers of him who never yet deserted the two or three who were gathered together in his name. I wish I could impress others with this sentiment. We are too apt to despise the day of small things, and for the want of a little faith we often lose the blessing that might have been secured. But my principal object in writing this is, to impress your readers with the necessity of helping these feeble Churches. Is it not a fact, Sir, that there is too little of this sort of sympathy among our Christian Brethren? Would it not be much more to our credit if means were devised to help our desponding and broken Societies?* Very often a small amount of money given would encourage and stimulate to exertion. We all know how much we are affected by sympathy. Even the hand of Christian friendship extended to a suffering and distressed Brother will awake in him new energies and quicken him to action. If the sweet charities of life were put in operation, and the heart and purse opened for the relief of a society, apparently devoted to destruction and its members about to be scattered, what a different picture would be presented over the face of our denomination. Instead of hiding their heads in the dust, or having a mere name to live, they would rise and shine as bright lights in the Kingdom of our Father. I very much fear that the coldness and deadness manifested in our denomination (with a few exceptions) keeps back that full measure of the blessing which may yet be vouchsafed to us. We want spiritual life, and until our hearts are truly devoted to the great object of our own spiritual improvements, and that of our brethren, we shall never hear joyfully the weclome 'well done good and faithful servants,' but we shall realise only that as we sow, so we shall reap.

A Layman.

* I am aware that the Unitarian Association doing all it can towards this relief, but their limited means prevent them from exercising that benevolence which they design.

DEMOCRACY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

There is no book, in any language, which so effectually secures the interests of the people, as the New Testament. The strain of its superlative teaching, is always in support of the popular rights. Its principles are throughout irreconcilably opposed to tyranny and oppression. Its pages reiterate the sentiment of man's essential equality; leading our minds constantly upward to that high range of contemplation which places us all, rich and poor, all of every grade, social, political, and intellectual, on a perfect level before that Being in whose presence every human distinction vanishes. In one word, though it does not interfere with existing governments, but on the contrary enjoins submission to them, it breathes the spirit of true enlightened democracy in all its parts. What could more justly lay claim to this praise, than the principle so frequently taught, that we are to regard every man as our brother; and that, viewing him in this light, we are to do to him as we would wish him to do to us? This is one of the corner stones of democracy, sufficient to defend it against the imperious claims of aristocratic pride, and the encroachments of monarchy and despotism. Let all imbibe this principle, and what we have been contemplating as making *progress*, will soon be gloriously consummated. Were further encomium necessary upon the New Testament, as to its republican tendency, we might add, that the great Personage who shines throughout the book, like a superior orb, and 'from which the lesser stars, revolving in their golden urns, draw light,' that Being who gives the tone and character of the book, cherished the interests of the people. Hence the common classes heard him gladly. With them he mostly mingled, in social intercourse. Among them he chose his most intimate friends. Out of their ranks he called the men who were to propagate his doctrines. On them he leaned to accomplish his great purpose of benevolence. His conduct, throughout, was strongly tinctured with the spirit of enlightened democracy. It is not meant, that he favored any political creed, or arrayed himself as a partisan to any political question, but that his sympathies were invariably with the people; his influence was steadily exerted to raise, instruct, and benefit them; and his sternest rebukes administered to those who would mislead, injure, and oppress them. Such a book would naturally breathe into its readers a spirit favorable to popular ascendency. Such has always been its effect. When its pages have been accessible to the common people, then they have risen in character, made progress in intelligence, acquired social and political power, before which the time-honored and venerable pillars of tyranny and oppression have crumbled. Of this, history gives many examples. Let that book, then, be studied by every republican, as the best means of completing the triumph of true, enlightened democracy.—*Christian Review.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 13, 1839.

THE IMPORTAGCE OF STUDY TO THE CLERGY.

The last number of the North American Review contains an article on the importance of self-cultivation to the clergy. It is timely and valuable. The truth needs to be insisted on, its importance inculcated. There is cause to fear that some of our clergy have tried to effect so much good out of the pulpit, they have done but little in it. The duty of frequent and familiar intercourse, with the people, has been much dwelt on. It is constantly said 'a minister can do more for them in this way than by preaching.' But if he does not gain their respect and reverence while in the pulpit, he will effect nothing out—worth effecting. And he will not gain their respect and reverence unless he comes before them in that place, with what impresses them as fresh, original, living thought and real feeling. They perfectly well understand this matter. They know when a man addresses them from the full, flowing energy of his soul, and when he talks to them about things, in relation to which he has thought little and feels little. He may be very attentive and very affectionate, instant in season and out of season. But it will all be to no good purpose. He has no deep hold upon them. The pulpit must be his throne or he will have none. Action is undoubtedly the chief requisite in the ministry. But it is not that bodily exercise, which consists in going from house to house. It is the activity of the higher sentiments and faculties of the mind. His profiting, his progress must appear unto all. His inner man be renewed and invigorated day by day. The fountain of living waters must be kept ever open. It must not be suffered to become stagnant. The angels of thought and reflection must be ever stirring its depths—then he will make glad and beautiful the city of God in which he is placed. Streams of refreshing, healing, elevating influence will be ever flowing from his words, deeds, life. All will take note of him that he has truly been with Jesus and with God, held communion with the sources of true power, won celestial energy from its everlasting springs. And therefore whatever he does and says is with and full of power. But what high results can proceed from a barren, feeble, empty mind. And this every mind will be that has not formed the habit and cherished the love of unwearied application and study. He may be very active, bustling and enterprising. He may form many plans and societies. He may hold frequent meetings, write innumerable sermons, drive furiously about his parish, exhort with all long suffering to others, if not to himself, put in operation a surpassing quantity of machinery—but it is all nought—for soul is wanting. One such tear as trickled down the Savior's cheeks, or one such prayer as he breathed in the garden and on the mountain, or one such emotion as he felt on the cross, would effect more than all. This array of means and his bustling activity are nothing but wood, hay, stubble. It may be with a little sprinkling of gold and silver and precious stones.

A true, rich, living soul is the only direct, efficient agent of good on earth. Its silent existence is an incalculable good. Its influence perhaps descends in silence like dew upon the mountain. But it is none the less fruitful of the best effects. It excites in the hearts of all, that come within its sphere, a hunger and thirst after righteousness, purity, honor, glory. It touches gently but strongly the diviner portions of our nature. It is leaven that continues in stillness to spread its blessed effects till the whole mass is sanctified. It is ever quickening and calling forth the latent sparks of spiritual energy, beauty and excel-

lence. We cannot impart what we do not possess. And if we have not life in ourselves, in vain shall we strive to infuse it into others. We must abound in the fruits of the spirit if we would cultivate a rich harvest in other's bosoms. We say we do not preach for ourselves. But we do, and cannot help it. We diffuse about our own moral state and sentiments. And if ourselves are poor, in vain shall we labor to make others rich. If ourselves are cold, in vain shall we strive, by means of loud and vehement declamation, to warm others. There is more of God in the still, small voice, that issues from a quick, full soul, than in thunders and earthquakes. If we are feeble and barren, in vain shall we strive to make others strong and productive. We should have no doubt in regard to a young man, who had formed the habit of daily, sustained study, that he would become, if not a star of the first magnitude, in the moral firmament, highly respectable and extensively useful—a burning and a shining light. He might not succeed at first—but he will at last, and beyond his own expectations. He will constantly rise and grow. His force and influence will continue to increase in depth, volume and beneficence, till they pour a bright, majestic stream into the ocean of eternity.

But in regard to one, who had not formed the habit of daily, sustained study, we should be very certain he would not succeed. He may enter the profession with much ability, promise, and popularity. But he raises expectations only to disappoint them. He will soon begin and continue to sink. What oil there may be in his lamp, is gradually consumed. And he does nothing to replenish it—till at last he finds himself in outer darkness, useless, neglected, the joy and brightness and melody reserved for the faithful, beyond his reach. Study, reflection, thought, action, soul-action is the one thing needful for the clergyman. We must look to ourselves for the means of accomplishing our work. We must open and enlarge the fountains of power within ourselves. We must dedicate ourselves to persevering self-cultivation. Drop by drop we must fill our spirits with living energy. And we shall not labor alone. He that seeks finds. God will help us. He will give us of his grace without measure. And we shall reap an hundred fold now in the present world. We shall be clothed with righteousness, and the saints will every where rejoice and Zion put on her beautiful garments.

BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW, FOR JULY.

Article 1st. Bulwer's Novels. The writer thinks much better of their moral tendency, than people generally and we think justly do. We do not believe any one, after reading them, ever felt more kindly, more pure and trustful, more gentle, merciful and elevated. They are productions of the least worthy and noble portion of our nature. The attempt, to set this author up as a fine moralist, a preacher of truth and righteousness, is desperate. We are surprised so discriminating a writer could confound the kind of interest excited by these works, for the vicious and guilty, with that spiritual sympathy and regard, we ought to cherish for those lost, immortal souls whom Christ came and died to wash and save. The two feelings are not kindred.

The piece however contains many fine and striking passages. It deserves attention. This anecdote is pleasant.

An excellent divine of this city, a friend of ours, said to us one day, 'We have not yet learned the responsibility of society to individuals. We talk much of the responsibility of individuals to society, but we forget that society is bound to protect all her children. I was sometime since dining with a distinguished Judge of the King's Bench, in London. The conversation turned, as you may well imagine, on the condition of the poor. I said to the Judge,

'Sir, did you observe those poor children, ragged and incrusted with filth, which you passed to-day in driving from your house to Westminster Hall?'

'No, I observed none.'

'Yet you must have passed some hundreds.'

'It is very likely, but it did not occur to me to observe them.'

'And what must be the fate of these poor children?'

'Some of them will die of disease, some may emigrate, and some I shall probably hang.'

'What means can they have of obtaining an honest and honorable living?'

'I am sure I do not know.'

'Is there any alternative for them but to beg, to steal, or to starve?'

'I presume not.'

'And have you considered their condition, ascertained their wants, and done what you could to avert the evils to which they are exposed?'

'Not at all. I have been otherwise engaged.'

'Let me tell you, then, Sir, that I would rather take my stand, at the Day of Judgment, with those you will *hang*, than with yourself.'

'Sir, do you intend to insult me?'

'By no means. I would simply assure you that I regard those you will doom to be hung, as less guilty than yourself. God has given you talents, education, wealth, and a commanding position in society, and yet you can pass daily, unnoticed, hundreds of young beings, who, as they grow up, must necessarily beg, steal, or starve. You do not see them; you do not think of their wretched condition; you do nothing to save them from that crime on which you may hereafter sit in judgment; and am I to regard them as guilty, and you as innocent,—you who might, had you put forth your hand, have saved them from falling victims to a corrupt and corrupting social organization?'

Article 2d. The currency. It advances and advocates the peculiar views, on this subject, of the political party to which the writer belongs. The pernicious and sometimes fearful results proceeding from a fluctuating currency, as set forth in the following passage, will not we suppose be denied by any.

The nature of the inconveniences, arising from a variable and fluctuating measure of value, has become too familiar to us by sad experience, and particularly by the fatal convulsions of the last two years, to require to be stated in detail. They are precisely analogous, as has often been remarked, to those which are produced on the human frame by habitual intemperance; a regular alternation of periods of unnatural activity and deadly exhaustion, producing a gradually increasing weakness, which terminates in the complete prostration of health and life. When the common measure diminishes in value,—in other words, when the banks discount freely, and money is abundant and cheap, a feverish spring is given to the business of the community in all its departments. Speculation spreads her baleful wings, and scatters poison far and wide through the land. A bewildering frenzy seizes on the steadiest minds and hurries them headlong in to schemes of the wildest extravagance. After a while, reaction follows. The banks refuse to discount, and contract their circulation. Money becomes scarce and dear; in some cases, disappears almost entirely. The common measure, in other words, increases very much in value. Contracts must be broken or fulfilled at enormous sacrifices, in this appreciated currency. Bankruptcy and ruin spread themselves, more or less widely according to the extent of the fluctuation, through the trading part of the community.

Article 3d. The Kingdom of God. It contains much truth strongly and eloquently expressed. It contains however some opinions and assertions not true, and some exaggerated, we think. It richly repays a thoughtful perusal. There is we fear too much truth in this passage.

The world lieth in wickedness; and what is the Church doing? Flattering the sinner with vain promises, and lulling his conscience asleep, or awakening it to that which is not sin; feeding us with manna, whereof a man may eat and die, not with the bread of life, which comes down from heaven, and whereof if a man eat he shall live forever; baptizing us with water, it may be, but not with the spirit, not with the Holy Ghost and with fire; for truth giving us unintelligible creeds; for love to God and man, sectarian zeal and blind devotion to the Church; for a true, a spiritual righteousness, a superstitious reverence for cant phrases, unmeaning rites and ceremonies, which deaden the heart, stultify the intellect, and enervate the hands. Is there, then, no need of insisting upon the great truth, that the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but the reign of holy principles, the absolute dominion of truth and love?

Article 4th. The rights of Women. A very good defence of a very poor cause. Women manage us now about as they please. What more would they have? In giving them a moral supremacy, providence appears to intimate, they should leave the grosser one, to us, the ruder portion of the race. Distribution is its law of operation. It nowhere concentrates large masses of power. It does not favor monopolies. Would they resign this high empire, more glorious and lasting, than that the Roman Eagle overshadowed, for the poor one of politics? They know their interests too well to listen to so preposterous notions. The deep and abiding sentiments and impressions of mankind, in all ages and nations, have settled this question. And Miss Martineau and Miss Grimke, with the help of this essayist, will not unsettle it, though they may make some few as aspiring as themselves. The following passage however contains as much truth as beauty.

From the cradle to the grave of man, woman exercises an all-pervading and unintermitted influence upon his character and destiny. She calls forth and directs his earliest emotions. All that is good in him, all that is true, all that is immortal,—and nothing is immortal but goodness and truth,—is owing to her watchful and tireless nurture of his instincts. In the helplessness of infancy, woman is to him as Providence, awakening in him those feelings, which, afterwards, rise and expand to philanthropy and devotion. She is his earliest conception of God. Through the whole of his mortal existence, a mother's love is to him a bright and visible symbol of divine love; pure, unselfish, self-sacrificing, unchanging, unquenchable, it goes out with him in all the alternations of life, in sorrow and in joy, in sickness, and health, rejoicing, sorrowing with him and for him, and for him alone, clinging to him with a closer grasp, when all have deserted him, and because all have deserted him, and even in disgrace and infamy not forsaking him:—love stronger than pain, than death, and the grave.

Article 5th. Unitarianism and Trinitarianism. We shall probably notice this more particularly hereafter.

Article 6th. Ancient Profaneness. This passage is from Longinus.

'What, then, did those god-like men perceive, who, disregarding a nicety in all particulars, reached after the loftiest heights of composition? Among many other things they perceived this, that Nature *decreed* that man should not be an abject or an ignoble animal, but having *conducted* us into life and into the presence of the whole world, as into some vast assembly, in order that we might become spectators of all her works, and strenuous combatants for glory, that she *infused* into our souls an unconquerable love for the eternally great, and in relation to ourselves, the divine. Therefore is it that not even the entire universe suffices for man's piercing vision and far-reaching fancies, but his Imagination often *transcends* the bounds of that which encompasses him. And if one will comprehensively look around life, which, when viewed in *all* its parts, abounds in the surpassing, grand, and lovely, he will quickly see for what it is that we were born. Thus, by Heaven, *physically* impelled somehow, we do not admire the smaller class of streams, however useful they may be, or clear; but rather the Nile, the Danube, the Rhine, and, above all, the Ocean. Neither are we so moved by this flame which we ourselves kindle, because it burns steadily with clear rays, as with the heavenly light, though often they are overshadowed, nor the crater of Ætna, though it pours from its depths rocks whole, and rivers of fire.'

SELECTIONS FROM GERMAN LITERATURE—By B. B. Edwards and E. A. Park, Professors, Theol. Sem. Andover.

We have not yet had time to give this work an extended and detailed examination. When we have we shall present our readers with a more particular account of its contents. We have read the sermons of Tholuck with much interest and benefit. For searching, practical power, they are surpassed by few. The sentiment they express, are true, tender and elevated. The style is simple, beautiful, sometimes eloquent and sublime. We cannot resist the impression they owe much to the taste of the translators. One thought has been constantly with us while reading them. We may differ vastly and uncharitably in regard to theology. But when a person speaks from a heart full of the love and reverence of Jesus, he meets with an universal response. He touches a chord that vibrates through the depths of our nature. He is recognised by all as a teacher, taught of God. His word is with power. It gives strength to the soul, and there warms, softens, refines, enlightens, exalts—penitence, humility, gratitude, confidence, love enter, the flesh is vanquished, the divinity triumphs. In Jesus we are one. In speculation we separate. The letter we differently interpret. But the pure spirit binds all, in whom it exists, in blessed sympathy and fellowship. Honest minds may diverge. But true hearts move in unison. Intellect is feeble, dark, partial, uncertain. But love is light, certainty, strength, universal. It is born of God. It is the baptism from on high. It is the bread of life. It brings all with whom it resides into harmony—making them one of whatever sect, age, language, world. Every spirit, it has filled, is a bright and joyous link in the everlasting chain of being. The volume is filled with dissertations on interesting and important subjects. The translators say they have had in mind, in their selections, not so much the learned scholar, as the great mass of the intelligent and educated community. We are confident it is worthy the attention of an educated and intelligent community.

THE CONNECTICUT BOARD OF EDUCATION.—The first annual report of the Secretary.

Without wishing to intimate that we have read any large portion of it, we have looked into it, sufficiently to see it contains a vast amount of detailed and useful information. It must be of essential advantage, in laying a foundation, for a series of progressive improvements in the schools of the state. The industry and perseverance, expended in its collection and arrangement, were of no ordinary kind and character. The growing interest felt, by so many of our people, in the improvement of our systems of education, is one of the most cheering signs of our times. Let them go forward calmly, temperately, prayerfully. If in the accomplishment of any enterprise, we need wisdom from on high it is in this. The science of education, of developing, elevating, harmonising the various energies and affections of the soul, is the most refined, the most profound, the most sublime on earth. It can be carried to perfection only very gradually, by the aid of enlightened minds and pure hearts. It is easy enough to increase the amount of instruction. But this is not what is needed. The quality must be improved. It must be better, more efficiently adapted to promote the peace, beauty, usefulness and power of the mind. This end can be effected only by a clearer and deeper perception of its radical laws, its latent springs and its higher tendencies. Suffer not empiricism to enter these sacred precincts. Connecticut with her large fund ought to take the lead in this business. With so able and indefatigable a secretary, at the head of her board, she cannot fail to do much that will redound to her honor.

For the Register and Observer.

MR HUNTINGTON'S LETTERS.

(Continued.)

St. Louis, Saturday morning, May 11th. I found our friends at Alton without any hope of soon re-establishing their society. Some have left Alton, others are about leaving; and the rest not in a situation to sustain a preacher—though I am satisfied, from the fullest information I have been able to obtain, that if brother Farley could have remained there, he would have been sustained by his people, and ultimately established a permanent society.

Having made two or three calls, I took a route towards Saint Louis (25 miles distant) through nearly the middle of the American Bottom, avoiding the Edwardsville road on the left, and the river road to St. Louis on the right—the latter being that commonly travelled. This route led me through the heart of this far-famed district—unsurpassed in fertility, I suppose, by any region of the globe. But it is unhealthy. Being, at different places, from two to ten miles wide, and extending south nearly to the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, it contains not only large settlements, but large tracts of forest and prairie, considerable streams of water and large lakes. I noticed some immensely large trees, chiefly cotton-wood and sycamore. The paw-paw is a very common tree, but it does not attain a large size. It is now in full blossom. The flower is nearly of the same size of a damask rose, but single; of a dark, dull-purple color, and a faint sickly odor. The fruit, which is ripe about the time of early frosts, that is, the latter part of September, is four or five inches long and an inch in diameter, covered with a smooth rind, of a yellowish color. The taste is rather sweet—resembling that of custard.

About three o'clock I was overtaken by a slight shower, which was not so violent but my umbrella protected me, without being able to stop. There are two steam ferry-boats at St. Louis; one at the upper, the other at the lower end of town. The view of the city is fine from the upper ferry, at which I crossed. That of the river, too, is fine, especially upwards, extending as it does a distance of ten miles, and bounded on each side by the jutting points of islands, and points wooded down to the water's edge, and now clothed with the glossiest green of the whole year. But, one of the most conspicuous objects on the Missouri side of the river, is a high mound upon the top of the bank, not far from the landing; which I took occasion to ascend as I was passing near, and which commands a most extensive prospect of the city, river, and American bottom, quite to the Edwardsville bluffs. There are two or three other similar mounds between this and the city, though none so high as this. There are three or four on the Edwardsville road, in the American bottom, much higher than this. I ascended one of them, last summer, which must be at least sixty or seventy feet in height.

Though not much fatigued, I was glad to reach my journey's end; nor did it add a little to my happiness to meet with so kind a welcome here.

COLMAN'S MONTHLY MISCELLANY.—Grenville Mellen and William Cutler, Editors

This, the first number, contains several useful and entertaining articles, written with spirit and talent. Among the contributors are the names of B. B. Thatcher, H. W. Longfellow, John Neal, Seba Smith, Chief Justice Mellen. The reputation, so well established, of these gentlemen, is a sufficient pledge of the taste and ability with which it will be conducted. We have been particularly pleased with the article, entitled 'our Country and our Duty.'

With great force and feeling it inculcates sentiments and purposes, that ought to be kindled and established in the minds of all our people. We rejoice that some of our best writers are beginning to take a higher and truer view of national character and honor. They have observed society in all its bearings and aspects. What they say is the result of deep reflection and conviction. *They* cannot be suspected of a professional bias. To them it belongs, with hearts touched with fire from the eternal altar, to direct the attention of our people to the permanent sources of glory, to teach them that moral energy, disinterestedness, magnanimity, righteousness, can alone conduct them to lasting power and greatness. We trust the author of this, will favor us with many articles of similar character. There are few, if any, who can speak on these subjects with more wisdom and effect.

The Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters, was published on Wednesday. Its chapter of contents is of the most promising character. And the initials attached to the several articles, raise anticipations still higher. It *must* contain much to please and improve, or there is no truth in signs and impressions.

INSTALLATION.

Rev. Samuel D. Robbins, formerly of Lynn, will be installed over the new Unitarian Society in Chelsea, denominated the Third Congregational Society, on Sunday evening next. Services to commence at half past 7 o'clock.

CAMBRIDGE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Annual visitation of the Cambridge Theological School, will take place on *Friday* next, the 19th inst. The Exercises of the Senior Class will commence in the University at 10 o'clock, and will be as follows:

1. The Intimations of a Future Life in the Old Testament.—Mr Edward Stone.
2. Itinerant Preaching.—Mr George Moore.
3. Cranmer, as a Master, and Reformer.—Mr Edward Payson McKown.
4. Dr Chalmers' view of the Art of Interpretation, as requiring the use only of the Grammar and Lexicon.—Mr Samuel Isaac Hobson.
5. The true idea of Independence in the Ministry.—Mr Frederic Augustus Eustis.
6. The Doctrine of Lord Brougham, that the Mental Phenomena afford clearer evidence of a First Cause, than the Phenomena of Matter.—Mr Wilson Cushing.
7. The Topics and Spirit of our Lord's Discourse to his Disciples on the Evening of the Last Passover.—Mr Samuel Breck Croft.
8. 'Action' as constituting the effective power in the Ministry.—Mr John Albert Buckingham.

The Discourse before the *Alumni* of the Theological School, will be delivered on the afternoon of the Visitation Day, by Mr Andrews Norton. Services to commence at 3 o'clock.

The Valedictory Discourse before the Senior Class, will be delivered by Rev. E. S. Gannett, at the First Church in Cambridge, (Rev. Mr Newell's,) to-morrow evening, (July 14th,) at a quarter before 8 o'clock.

INTELLIGENCE.

Fourth of July.—The anniversary of the Declaration of our National Independence, was celebrated in this city as usual, by public orations, the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon.

Early in the morning the Fire Department paraded, in excellent order on the Common, and marched around it.

There was also, a sale of bouquets and baskets of flowers, on the common at 6 o'clock in the morning, by a portion of the children of the Warren Street Chapel. The proceeds of the sale were appropriated to forward the objects of that excellent institution.

Among the public services was one at the Pitts Street Chapel, before the Mechanic Apprentices Library Association. It was introduced by music and a Prayer by Rev. Mr Gray, an Oration and Poem, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, music &c.

The regular city Oration, was delivered by Ivers J. Austin, Esq. at the Odeon.

The day was also celebrated in the neighborhood by public dinners, Pic Nic parties, &c. The most noticable celebration of this kind was the Temperance in Faneuil Hall, of which we quote the following account from the Salem Observer.

We had the pleasure and privilege of being present at this celebration, and can truly affirm, that we never attended any festive meeting with more unmixed satisfaction. Every thing was in keeping with the day, and the occasion. All the arrangements were made in a style worthy of the Bostonians. It was a glorious sight to behold fifteen hundred men, assembled in this venerable Hall, to celebrate the Anniversary of American Independence, ON TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES. It was most inspiring to witness the enthusiasm—the firm and fixed resolve—the patriotic devotion to the true and enduring interests of the State, and the unwavering determination to hold fast to our principles, which were manifested on this occasion. There was nothing like bluster, bravado, or rant, but a deep and pervading conviction, that our cause is a just one, and that it is intimately allied with the progress and perpetuity of our republican institutions. In the language of our Bill of Rights, referred to in a sentiment by Mr Attorney General Austin, at the close of a most eloquent speech, 'a frequent recurrence to the fundamental principles of the constitution, and a constant adherence to those of piety, justice, moderation, temperance, industry, frugality, are absolutely necessary to preserve the advantages of liberty, and to maintain a free government.'

Edward Brooks, Esq. the President of the Day, introduced the sentiment offered in honor of the Day, and the occasion with a powerful speech, vindicating the *appropriateness* of this mode of celebrating the Anniversary of our Independence, and illustrating, in a very striking manner, the analogies existing between the political revolution of 1776 and the great moral revolution, which now is being effected by the prevalence of temperance principles.

The Rev. Mr Marsh favored the meeting with some interesting remarks on the progress of our cause in other States. He stated that six States have already taken strong ground on the subject of the traffic in spirituous liquors, and that as many more States would, in all probability, follow their example, in the course of the present year. Mr Marsh is Secretary of the American Temperance Union, and has extensive means of information.

President Quincy honored the occasion with his presence, and having expressed his entire and hearty concurrence in the objects of the meeting, entertained us with the overflowings of that vein of genuine humor, for which he is so much distinguished. His remarks were received with continued bursts of applause.

Hon. Mr Rantoul, of Beverly, offered a series of resolutions, embracing and embodying our principles, in a most pointed, clear and succinct form, and which met with a most hearty response from the vast assembly.

Hon. Samuel Hoar, of Concord, in his simple, straight forward, and lawyer-like manner, burnt up and consumed the chaff and stubble of the Boston memorial, *et id omne genus*.

Dr Peirson, of Salem, in reply to a sentiment complimentary to his profession, as among the most useful coadjutors in the Temperance Reform, made a capital speech, as did also the Rev. Mr Rogers, of Boston, in reply to a similar sentiment, complimentary to his profession.

Many other gentlemen favored the company with remarks, and what with good eating—good drinking of pure cold water and lemonade—good sentiments—good feelings—good speeches—good songs, very well sung—we had a very good time, and may it be but a beginning of such celebrations; and as this is a species of 'moral suasion,' we hope that, another year, all our friends will join us. B.

In the evening there was a very large collection of people on the common, to witness the fireworks. It was on the whole a very fine display, notwithstanding the shower of rain after the pieces were put up, which in some degree marred the brilliancy and effect of the show.

Bad Location of the fireworks.—A very objectionable circumstance respecting the fireworks, was the bad location of the stand. It was placed on the low ground, and looked westerly, for the commendable purpose, as we understand, of enabling the company assembling on the rising ground toward Beacon Street to see the works distinctly over each other's heads. But this,—with the exception of the banks near Beacon Street, was a sad miscalculation. The ascent is not steep enough, by more than twenty degrees. A large portion of the assembly will testify unquestionably, that they have never had so imperfect and interrupted a view of the works, as on this occasion.

The following Ode, by Rev. J. Pierpont, was sung at the Temperance Celebration in Faneuil Hall, to the air—'Ye mariners of England.'

Lift up, lift up the standard,
And plant it near the well!
And, gathered underneath its folds,
A choral anthem swell!
The anthem that is set in praise
Of brooks and cisterns sing!
Give one strain to the rain,
Give another to the spring;—
Yea, give a chorus loud and long,
To aqueduct and spring.

Green hills and smiling valleys!
Ye once were red with gore,
When Freedom's thunders o'er you rolled,
And broke along our shore.
The holy skies have pour'd their rains,
And sifted down their snows,
Till the stain of the slain,
That beneath your turf repose,
Is washed away, and the sods are clean
Where the martyr'd brave repose.

Ev'n so will ice and water
Make clean our living clay:—
Then let them grace our festive board
On Independence day;—
The day that tells us of the blood
That was, like water, poured
From their veins, on the plains
Where our fathers grasped the sword,
Where the cumbrous sheath was thrown away,
And flashed the freeman's sword.

Ye heroes of the bottle,
Who 'bumper!' every toast,
Who keep your wine in cobwebs wrapped,
And make its age your boast,
The oldest wine your vaults have known,
From press or vat to flow,
Is new to the dew
That six thousand years ago
Came down to fill our cups, one night,
Six thousand years ago.

Ye champions of cold water,
Who quaff that drink divine,
Who've given your rum and brandy o'er,
And bid *adieu* to wine,
The bottles that ye crack to-day,
By God's own hand are given;*
Some in earth have their birth,
And some are made in heaven,
And granite rock and spring are those,
And these the clouds of heaven.

Then up the Temperance standard!
And plant it by the well,
And, shaded by its waving folds,
A choral anthem swell!
The anthem that is set to chime
With babbling waters sing,
Give one strain to the rain,
Give another to the spring,
Yea, give a chorus loud and long,
To aqueduct and spring!

* Who numbereth the clouds in wisdom?
And who poureth out the bottles of heaven?
Job, xxxviii. 37.

Cure of Impediments of Speech.—The institution referred to in the advertisement of Mr Newton, in another column, is now opened in this city, at the Marlboro' Chapel, Hall No. 4. From what we have learnt of it, we have confidence in its value and success, and cheerfully recommend it to the attention of all who are afflicted with impediments of speech.

Salem Railroad.—The number of persons carried on the Eastern Railroad, on Thursday, (the 4th) was 7,006, being a large number than was ever conveyed before, in any one *week*, on that road. The number carried on Friday was over *two* thousand, making for the five days ending on Friday night, more than 12,400.

Music on the Common.—The Brigade Band, will play on the Common, on *Monday* and *Thursday* evenings of next week. On the subsequent weeks the regular evenings of performance will be on Tuesdays and Fridays, if the weather be pleasant, and if not, the music will be postponed to the evening of the first fair day following the regular appointment. —*Transcript.*

Sunday School Celebration at Roxbury.—There was a Union celebration by the scholars of the Sunday Schools, at Roxbury, on the Fourth. The children of all the schools, without distinction of sect, united in one general festival. The children numbered eight hundred, and with their parents, instructors and friends, constituted an assemblage of eighteen hundred. They met in the morning at the Rev Mr Putnam's Church, where appropriate services were performed, and thence walked in procession to a beautiful grove on the Highlands, where a bountiful repast was laid before them. The day was most delightfully and profitably passed, until the shades of evening fell on the happy scene, and warned old and young of the hour of repose.

Death of Capt Murphy.—We regret to learn that Capt Murphy, of the Chelsea Ferry steamer Boston, who was rescued from drowning, by the daring courage and prompt assistance of Mr S. K. Bailey, on the 24th ult, died last evening, owing to the effects of the accident, from which he did not fully recover. He was a very worthy man, and has left a wife and three young children, in poverty. We commend them to the protection of the benevolent.—*Transcript.*

Christian Liberality.—We take pleasure in mentioning, as an instance of liberality and kindness, highly commendable, that the First Baptist Society in this town, have proposed to the Society under the charge of Rev W. B. O. Peabody, while their meeting house is undergoing repairs, to meet in the Baptist house, together with the Baptist Society, and that the two pastors preach and officiate, one in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon. The kind offer is of course accepted, and Mr Peabody's Society will meet there accordingly. Last Sunday, the Baptist Society gave the use of their house, from 4 to 6 o'clock, P. M. to Mr Peabody's Society, and the choir of the house also very kindly performed the singing. There is in this matter, a spirit shown which every Christian will admire.—*Springfield Republican.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Thursday morning last, by Rev. Mr Gray, Mr George Woodberry, to Miss Esther A. Darling, daughter of Sam'l Darling, Esq. all of Boston.

In this city, Mr Nathaniel J. Jordan to Mrs Caroline A. Pratt.

At North Weymouth, Rev. Willard Jones, of Hillsboro' N. H. to Miss Miriam Pratt, of N. W. They are to sail for Persia on the 15th inst.

At East Barnard, Vt. 23d ult. Mr Calvin H. Woods, of Boston, to Miss Betsey Davis, of Royalton, Vt.

DEATHS.

In this city, July 5, after a lingering illness, Miss Mary Davis, 81.

In South Boston, July 5, Mr John F. Hearsey 45.

In Dedham, Mrs Sarah Dowse, relict of the late Hon. Edward Dowse.

In Philadelphia, Mrs Susan S. wife of Rev. George H. Eaton, and daughter of Capt. Daniel Lakeman, of Ipswich, 25.

At Portsmouth, N. H. 4th inst. Mrs Mary, wife of Mr William H. Williams confectioner, of Charlestown, Mass. and daughter of Mr John Nichols, of Salem 29.

At Athens, Ga. 21st ult. Hon. Augustus S. Clayton.

In Rochester, N.Y. Mr James F. Brown, of Boston.

In Ooromiah, Persia, Jan. 15, Mrs Grant, wife of Dr. Grant, American Missionary.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. The Gentleman's Magazine and American Monthly Review has attained a standing that ensures its continuance; and the commendatory notices of the most respectable portion of the press, attest its merits and popularity. Each monthly number contains 72 extra sized octavo pages, with many steel and wood illustrations, and presents more reading matter than a volume or a novel.—It is published at little more than half the price of any other Magazine in the U. S., yet contains as many Original Papers as any other monthly publication. Wm E. Burton and Edgar A. Poe, Editors. A new volume commences in July. $3.

WEEKS, JORDAN & CO., N. E. Publishers.
Jy 6

LATHAM'S GENERAL HISTORY OF BIRDS,—Being the Natural History and Description of all the Birds (above four thousand) hitherto known or described by Naturalists, with the Synonyms of preceding Writers. The second enlarged and improved edition, comprehending all the discoveries in Ornithology subsequent to the former publication, and a general index, illustrated with upwards of two hundred exquisitely colored plates, exhibiting specimens of remarkable species and varieties of each genus—10 vols 4to, elegantly bound in half morocco. Just received by C. C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN,
jy 13 112, Washington street.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the U. States, by Francis L. Hawkes, D. D., Rector of St. Thomas Church, New York. Just published, for sale by CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN, 112 Washington st. jy 13

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States. By F. L. Hawkes D. D. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street. july 13

SCRIPTURE COMMNTARIES.—Henry, Scott, Clarke, and Doddridge's Commentaries. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street. j 13

REPORT OF THE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—The Fourteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29th 1839, being Tract No. 143. Just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO.; Agent of the A. U. A. 134 Washington street. july 13

ANOTHER NEW HYMN BOOK.—This day published by B. H. GREENE, 124 Washington Street, corner of Water Street.

Hymns and Prayers for children in the Sunday School, and at Home. This will be found a very useful little book for general use as the title imports.

On hand a good supply of the old Boston Sunday School Hymn Book, by a Superintendent.

Also Sacred Songs, by Mrs Follen.

Published this day. A new and neat edition of Walker's Service Book for Sunday Schools. This Book is becoming very popular, and those who wish to introduce it into the Sunday School, can be supplied with a copy gratis, by applying as above. It contains beside the Prayers, an excellent collection of Hymns. july 13.

TEACHER WANTED—To instruct the High School of Taunton;—in the Common English branches, mathematics and the Greek and Latin languages:—to commence on the 2nd day of September next. Applications (post paid) should be made soon.

ERASTUS MALTBY.
Secretary of School Committee.
Taunton, July 8, 1839.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR JULY.

Contents.

The power of Christ's Moral Character
The Christian Citizen—Slavery
Spirit of the Mosaic Laws.
The great Presbyterian Church Case.
Ripley's Foreign Literature.
Malcom's Travels.
Notices and Intelligence.

Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street. July, 13.

SABBATH RECREATIONS; or Select Poetry of a Religious kind, chiefly taken from the works of modern poets; with original pieces never before published. By Miss Emily Taylor. Revised by Rev. John Pierpont.

Just published, and for sale by
WM. CROSBY & CO.
july 13 118 Washington st.

GUIDE THROUGH MOUNT AUBURN.—The Picturesque Pocket Companion, and Visitors Guide through Mount Auburn; illustrated with upwards of sixty engravings on wood.

Just published and for sale by
WM. CROSBY & CO.
july 13 118 Washington st.

SAVINGS BANK.

THE SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN AND OTHERS, No. 17 Tremont Row—is open every day from 9 to one o'clock. This Institution is especially intended to afford greater facilities for a safe and appropriate investment of the earnings of Seamen, and others connected with a Seafaring life; but it is also designed for *all classes* in the community, and *is open to all*; thus enabling the industrious and frugal, by commencing early in life with saving a few dollars, to make a provision for times of need. Parents may here accumulate a fund for their children or by making them depositors teach them the advantage of saving habits, and thus inculcate a lesson of prudence and economy which will be remembered through life.

☞Money deposited on or before the second Wednesday of July will be put on interest at that time.

SAMUEL H. WALLEY *Treasurer.*
Je. 22.

PRIVATE BOARDING SCHOOL.

THOSE parents, who wish to give their children a thorough English Education, where they may escape the evils incident to city schools, are respectfully informed that Mr C. A CUMMINGS will take a few more pupils into his private boarding Academy at Quincy, Mass, if early application be made.

Refer to Rev. Messrs Whitney and Lunt, pastors of the Unitarian Church Quincy.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition $25 00 per quarter.
june 8 eop6mo

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 1stf

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

HEAVEN.

Mourner, upon whose care worn brow
The shades of woe are stealing;
Whose gushing tears in anguish flow,
Thy heart's deep grief revealing;
Come, hear the precious promise given
Weep not, there's joy for thee in Heaven.

Captive, beneath a southern sky,
For friends and freedom sighing.
With nought of light within thy heart,
Its fires in darkness dying;
List, 'tis a cheering promise given,
Weep not, there's rest for thee in Heaven.

Said one, from whose desponding soul,
Pleasure's bright wreath has faded;
Whose fondest hopes and sweetest joys,
In sorrow's clouds are shaded;
Hark! 'tis a blessed promise given,
Weep not, there's peace for thee in Heaven.

Pilgrim, upon a barren waste,
A bright home vainly seeking;
O'er vanished dreams of earthly bliss,
Alone in silence weeping;
Yes, 'tis for thee, the promise given,
Hope on! thou hast a home in Heaven.

Lone one, with none to cheer and guide,
Friendless and broken hearted,
Mourning o'er treasures buried long,
And blissful hours departed;
Oh haste receive the blessing given,
Weep not, thou hast a friend in Heaven.

Yes, there's a joy earth ne'er can know,
A rest like angel's sleeping;
A home of love, earth ne'er can give,
With peace its vigils keeping;
And far above all blessings given,
Thy Friend, thy Father, reigns in Heaven.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

'Twas summer evening—and the light
Had faded from the sky,
And stars came twinkling pure and bright,
Through the blue arch on high;
And western breezes softly stole,
To kiss the weeping flower,
And nature wore her sweetest smile,
To bless the twilight hour.

There sat within a curtained room,
A mother young and fair—
What voice comes softly through the gloom?
'Tis childhood's voice in prayer!
A cherub boy is kneeling now
Beside that mother's knee—
And she is teaching him to bow
Before the Deity.

For father on the distant deep,
For sister slumbering near,
For babe upon the mother's breast,
For that kind mother dear;
For every living thing he loves,
His prayer ascends to heaven;
And for himself he humbly asks
Each sin may be forgiven.

In after years, whenever grief
Shall bow his spirit down,
And when the cold and bitter world
Shall meet him with a frown;
And when allured from virtue's path,
He treads a dangerous Way—
Oh! he will turn to that blest hour
When he knelt first to pray.

And the kind hand which then was laid
Upon his silken hair—
And the soft voice which taught him first
His simple words of prayer—
Will come again with thrilling power,
To still his pulses wild,
And lure him back in that dark hour,
As when he was a child.

The prayer is o'er—the last fond kiss
By that kind mother given;
But rises not from scenes like this
That childish prayer to heaven?
It does, it does—an angel's wing
Has borne its tone with joy,
The earnest blessings which it sought
Come on the sleeping boy.

PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

SUGGESTED BY THE CARTOON OF RAFFAELLE.
BY MISS ANN CHARLOTTE LYNCH.

Greece! hear that joyful sound.
A stranger's voice upon thy sacred hill,
Whose tones shall bid the slumbering nations round,
Wake with convulsive thrill.
Athenians! gather there, he brings you words
Brighter than all your boasted lore affords.

He brings you news of One
Above Olympian Jove. One in whose light
Your gods shall fade like stars before the sun.
On your bewildered night,
That UNKNOWN GOD of whom ye darkly dream,
In all his burning radiance shall beam.

Behold, he bids you rise
From your dark worship round that idol shrine,
He points to him who reared your starry skies,
And bade your Phœbus shine.
Lift up your souls from where in dust ye bow,
That God of gods commands your homage now.

But brighter tidings still!
He tells of one whose precious blood was spilt
In lavish streams upon Judea's hill,
A ransom for your guilt,—
Who triumphed o'er the grave, and broke its chain;
Who conquered Death and Hell, and rose again.

Sages of Greece! come near—
Spirits of daring thought and giant mould,
Ye questioners of time and nature, hear
Mysteries before untold!
Immortal life revealed! light for which ye
Have tasked in vain your proud philosophy.

Searchers for some first cause!
Midst doubt and darkness—lo! he points to One
Where all your vaunted reason lost must pause,
And faint to think upon.
That was from everlasting, that shall be
To everlasting still, eternally.

Ye followers of him
Who deemed his soul a spark of Deity!
Your fancies fade,—your master's dreams grow dim
To his reality.
Stoic! unbend that brow, drink in that sound!
Skeptic! dispel those doubts, the Truth is found.
Greece! though thy sculptured walls
Have with thy triumphs and thy glories rung,
And through thy temples and thy pillar'd halls
Immortal poets sung,—
No sounds like these have rent your startled air,
They open realms of light and bid you enter there.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the London Quarterly.]

PURSUING A WHALE.

'The pilot of some nigh-foundered skiff
Moors by his side under his lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished for morn delays.'

In the afternoon of a day which had been rather stormy, while we were fishing in the North Pacific, a 'school' of young bull whales made their appearance close to the ship, and the weather having cleared up a little, the captain immediately ordered the mate to lower his boat, while he did the same with his own, in order to go in pursuit of them.

The two boats were instantly lowered, for we were unable to send more, having had two others 'stove' the day before; they soon got near the whales, but were unfortunately seen by them before they could dart the harpoon with any chance of success, and the consequence was that the 'school' of whales separated and went off with great swiftness in different directions. One, however, after making several turns, came at length right towards the captain's boat, which he observing, waited in silence for his approach without moving an oar so that the 'young bull' came close by his boat, and received the blow of the harpoon some distance behind his 'hump,' which I saw enter his flesh myself, as it occurred close to the ship. The whale appeared quite terror struck for a few seconds; and then suddenly recovering itself, darted off like the wind, and spun the boat so quickly round, when the tug came upon the line, that she was within a miracle of being upset. But away they went, 'dead to windward,' at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour, right against a 'head sea,' which flew against and over the bows of the boat with uncommon force, so that she at times appeared to be ploughing through it, making a high bank of surf on each side.

The second mate having observed the course of the whale and boat, managed to waylay them, and when they came near to him, which they speedily did, 'a short warp' was then thrown, and both boats were soon towed at nearly the same rate as the captain's boat had been before.

I now saw the captain darting the lance at the whale as it almost flew along, but he did not seem to do so with any kind of effect, as the speed of the whale did not appear in the least diminished, and in a very short time they all disappeared together, being at too great a distance to be seen with the naked eye from the deck. I now ran aloft, and, with the aid of a telescope, could just discern from the mast head the three objects, like specks upon the surface of the ocean. At an alarming distance, I could just observe the two boats, with the whale's head occasionally darting out before them, with a good deal of 'white water' or foam among them which convinced me the whale was still running. I watched them with the glass until I could no longer trace them, even in the most indistinct manner. I then called to those on deck, that they might take the bearing by compass of the direction in which I had lost sight of them, so that we might continue to 'beat' the ship up to that quarter.

It was now within half an hour of sunset, and there was every appearance of the coming on of an 'ugly night,' as a seaman would say; indeed the wind began to freshen every moment, and an 'awkward bubble' of a sea soon began to make. I remained aloft until I saw the sun dip, angry and red, below the troubled horizon, and was just about to descend when I was dreadfully shocked at hearing the loud cry of 'a man overboard' from all upon deck. I looked astern and saw one of our men by the name of Berry, grappling with the waves and calling loudly for help. The ship was soon brought round, but in doing so she unavoidably passed a long way from the poor fellow, who still supported himself by beating the water with his hands, although he was quite unacquainted with the proper art of swimming. Several oars were thrown overboard the moment after he fell, but he could not reach them, though they were near to him; and directly the ship was brought up, a Sandwich islander, who formed one of the crew, leaped overboard and swam towards him, while at the same time the people on deck were lowering a spare boat, which is always kept for such emergencies. I could be of no service except to urge their expedition by my calls, for it was only the work of a few minutes.

The good Sandwich islander struck out most bravely at first, but finding that he was some distance from the ship, and being unable to see Berry, on account of the agitated surface of the sea, actually turned back through fear—finding, as he said, that the 'sea caps' went over his head. The men in the boat now plied their oars with all their strength, and were making rapidly towards the drowning young man, who now and then disappeared entirely from view under the heavy seas which were beginning to roll; a sickening anxiety pervaded me as my thoughts appeared to press the boat onward to the spot where the poor fellow still grappled, but convulsively, with the yielding waters. The boat, urged by man's utmost strength, sprang over the boisterous waves with considerable speed; but they arrived half a minute too late to save our poor shipmate from his watery grave. I saw him struggle with the waves until the last, when the foam of a broken sea roared over him, and caused him to disappear forever! The boat was rowed round and round the fatal spot, again and again, until night fell, and then she was slowly and reluctantly pulled to the ship by her melancholy crew. As they returned, the turbulent waves tossed them about, as if in sport, making the boat resound from the beating and dashing waters which flew against her bow.

The moment the unfortunate seamen disappeared, a large bird of the albatros kind came careering along and alighted on the water as the very spot in which the poor fellow was last seen. It was a curious circumstance, and only served to heighten our horror, when we saw this carnivorous bird set itself proudly over the head of our companion: and which also served to remind us of the number of sharks that we had so frequently seen of late, and of the horrible propensities of which we could not dare to think.

By the time we had hoisted in the boat it was quite dark; the winds too had increased to half a gale, with heavy squalls at times, so that we were obliged to double reef our top-sails. Our painful situation bore heavily upon us. We had lost one of our men who had sailed with us from England—the bare thought of which in our circumstances aroused a crowd of heart rending ideas. Our captain and second mate, with ten of the crew had disappeared, and were by that time all lost, or were likely to be so in the stormy night which had now set in; being, too, several hundred miles away from any land. We, however, kept beating the ship to windward constantly carrying all the sail she could bear, making 'short boards,' or putting about every twenty minutes. We had also since night fall, continued to burn lights, and we had likewise a large vessel containing oil and unravelled rope, burning over the stern-rail of the ship as a beacon for them, which threw out a great light. But although all eyes were employed in every direction searching for the boats, no vestige of them could be seen; and therefore when half past nine P. M. came, we made up our minds that they were all lost; and as the wind howled hoarsely through the rigging, and the waves beat savagely against our ship, some of us thought we could hear the shrieks of poor Berry above the roaring storm; others imagined in their melancholy, that they could occasionally hear the captain's voice ordering the ship to 'bear up,' while the boats had been seen more than fifty times by anxious spirits, who had strained their eyes through the gloom until fancy robbed them of their true speculation and left her phantasmagoria in exchange. There were not many on board who did not think of home on that dreadful night; there were not many, among us, who did not curse the sea, and all sea-going avocations; while, with the same breath, they blessed the safe and cheerful fireside of their parents, which at that moment they would have given all they possessed but to see. But at the moment despair was firmly setting upon us, a man from aloft cried out that he could see a light right ahead of the ship just as were 'going about,' by which we should have gone from it. We all looked in that direction, and in a few minutes we could plainly perceive it; in a short time we were close up with it, when, to our great joy, we found the captain and all the men in the boats, lying to the leeward of the dead whale, which had in some measure saved them from the violence of the sea. They had only just been able to procure a light, having unfortunately upset all their tinder through the violent motion of the boats by which it became wet; but which they succeeded in igniting after immense application of the flint and steel; or their lantern would have been suspended from an oar directly after sun set, which is the usual practice when boats are placed under such circumstances.

After having secured the whale along side (which we expected to lose during the night from the roughness of the weather,) they all came on board, when the misfortune of poor Berry was spoken of with sorrow from all hands, while their own deliverance served to throw a ray of light amidst the gloom.

[From the Token.]

THE TWINS.

'I tell it to you as 'twas told to me.'

In the autumn of 1826, I had occasion to visit the town of N———, beautifully situated on the western bank of Connecticut river. My business led me to the house of B———, a lawyer of three score and ten, who was now resting from the labors, and enjoying the fruits of a life strenuously and successfully devoted to his profession. His drawing room was richly furnished, and decorated with several valuable paintings. There was one among them that particularly attracted my attention. It represented a mother with two beautiful children, one in either arm, a light veil thrown over the group, and one of the children pressing its lips to the cheek of the mother.

'That,' said I, pointing to the picture, 'is very beautiful. Pray sir, what is the subject of it?'

'It is a mother and her twins,' said he; 'the picture in itself is esteemed a fine one; but I value it more for the recollections which are associated with it.'

I turned my eye upon B———, he looked communicative, and I asked him for the story.

'Sit down,' said he, 'and I will tell you it.'

We accordingly sat down, and he gave the following narrative.

During the period of the war of the revolution, there resided in the western part of Massachusetts, a farmer by the name of Stedman. He was a man of substance, descended from a very respectable English family, well educated, distinguished for great firmness of character in general, and alike remarkable for inflexible integrity and steadfast loyalty to his king. Such was the reputation he sustained, that even when the most violent antipathies against loyalism swayed the community, it was admitted on all hands that farmer Stedman, though a tory, was honest in his opinions, and firmly believed them to be right.

The period came when Burgoyne was advancing from the north. It was a time of great anxiety with both the friends and the foes of the revolution, and one which called forth their highest exertions. The patriotic militia flocked to the standard of Gates and Stark, while many of the tories resorted to the camp of Burgoyne and Baum. Among the latter was Stedman. He had no sooner decided it to be his duty, than he took a kind farewell of his wife, a woman of uncommon beauty; gave his children, a twin boy and girl, a long embrace, then mounted his horse and departed. He joined himself to the unfortunate expedition of Baum, and was taken with other prisoners of war by the victorious Stark.

He made no attempt to conceal his name or character, which were both soon discovered, and he was accordingly committed to prison. The jail in which he was confined was in the western part of Massachusetts, and nearly in a ruinous condition. The farmer was one night waked from his sleep by several persons in his room. 'Come,' said they, 'you can now regain your liberty: we have made a breach in the prison, through which you can escape.' To their astonishment, Stedman utterly refused to leave the prison. In vain they expostulated with him: in vain they represented to him that his life was at stake. His reply was, that he was a true man, and a servant of king George, and he would not creep out of a hole at night, and sneak away from the rebels, to save his neck from the gallows. Finding it altogether fruitless to attempt to move him, his friends left him with some expression of spleen.

The time at length arrived for the trial of the prisoner. The distance to the place where the court was sitting, was about sixty miles. Stedman remarked to the sheriff, when he came to attend him, that it would save some expense and inconvenience, if he could be permitted to go alone and on foot. 'And suppose,' said the sheriff, 'that you should prefer your safety to your honor, and leave me to seek you in the British camp.' 'I had thought,' said the farmer, reddening with indignation, 'that I was speaking to one who knew me.' 'I do know you, indeed,' said the Sheriff: 'I spoke but in jest; you shall have your way. Go, and on the third day I shall expect to see you in S———.'

* * * * * The farmer departed, and at the appointed time placed himself in the hands of the sheriff.

I was now engaged as his counsel. Stedman insisted before the court, on telling his whole story; and when I would have taken advantage of some technical points, he sharply rebuked me, and told me he had not employed me to prevaricate, but only to assist him in telling the truth. I had never seen such a display of simple integrity. It was affecting to witness his love of holy, unvarnished truth, elevating him above every other consideration, and presiding in his breast as a sentiment even superior to the love of life. I saw the tears more than once springing to the eyes of his judges; never before or since have I felt such an interest in a client. I pleaded for his as I would have plead for my own life. I drew tears, but I could not sway the judgment of stern men, controlled rather by a sense of duty than the compassionate promptings of humanity. Stedman was condemned. I told him there was a chance of pardon, if he would ask for it. I drew up a petition and requested him to sign it, but he refused. 'I have done,' said he, 'what I thought my duty. I can ask pardon of my God and my king; but it would be hypocrisy to ask forgivness of these men, for an action which I should repeat, were I again placed in similar circumstances. No! ask me not to sign that petition. If what you call the cause of American freedom requires the blood of an honest man for a conscientious discharge of what he deemed his duty, let me be its victim. Go to my judges, and tell them that I place not my fears nor my hopes in them.' It was in vain that I pressed the subject; and I went away in despair.

In returning to my house, I accidently called on an old acquaintance, a young man of brilliant genius, the subject of a passionate predilection for painting. This led him frequently to take excursions into the country, for the purpose of sketching such objects and scenes as were interesting to him. From one of these rambles he had just returned. I found him sitting at his ease, giving the last touches to the picture which attracted your attention. He asked my opinion of it. 'It is a fine picture,' said I, 'is it a fancy piece, or are they portraits?' 'They are portraits,' said he, 'and save perhaps a little embellishment, they are, I think, striking portraits of the wife and children of your unfortunate client, Stedman. In the course of my rambles, I chanced to call at his house in H———, I never saw a more beautiful group. The mother is one of a thousand; and the twins are a pair of cherubs.' Tell me,' said I, laying my hand on the picture, 'tell me are they true and faithful portraits of the wife and children of Stedman?' My earnestness made my friend stare. He assured me they were, so far as he could be permitted to judge of his productions. I asked him no farther questions; I seized the picture, and hurried with it to the prison where my client was confined. I found him sitting, his hands covered his face, and apparently wrung by keen emotion. I placed the picture in such a situation that he could not fail to see it. I laid the petition on the little table by his side and left the room.

In half an hour I returned. The farmer grasped my hand, while the tears stole down my cheeks; his eye glanced first upon the picture, and then on the petition.—He said nothing, but handed the latter to me. I took it and left the apartment. He had put his name to it. The petition was granted, and Stedman was set at liberty.

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